

Maclean's

CANADA CUP THE GREATEST SHOW ON ICE

WHERE DID OUR
SCHOOLS GO
WRONG?

Bobby Hull

How important is Bran to good nutrition?

In practical application good nutrition is simple. It consists of eating a variety of foods to provide, in addition to many nutrients, the food fibre we require to assist in the elimination of waste materials. Bran is a highly concentrated form of food fibre.

What food fibre does

Food Fibre plays a role in regulating your digestive system. Because fibre is only partially digested in the stomach, it passes as bulk into the intestines and helps promote regularity...to the old and young alike.

What is Bran?

Bran is the outer layer of a kernel of wheat, so which Kellogg's adds the nutrition of iron, thiamine, riboflavin and niacinamide. Bran is also one of the most highly concentrated forms of food fibre. Other foods which have a high fibre content include Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Beans, Carrots, Sweet Potatoes, Berries, Tomatoes, Eggplant and Summer Squash.

Bran—the tasty way to food fibre

We suggest you include one of Kellogg's four Bran cereals in your daily diet. All Bran, Bran Buds, Bran Flakes or Raisin Bran. Either by the bowl or sprinkle some All Bran or Bran Buds on the regular cereal you eat now.



Maclean's

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Every style from our Johnny Miller collection with the Sears difference - easy prices. This leisure suit only \$60.

Easy on the price and easy on you...it's made from today's essential fabric - polyester double knit. Hand-dyed line design with clean, handsome details that make Johnny Miller. Moreover, the fabric's soft has never offered. Sizes to fit most builds. From our Fall and Winter catalogues for similar styles.

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of men's and boys' clothes

Interview

With Margaret Atwood

Margaret Atwood is an image-maker haunted by her own projected image. Canada's most-published author writes on late the various and she would say distorted images her public mirror gives her back. There's the goddess, the bitch, the not-cowd, the feminist, the Venus, the madwoman—and, now, the solitary mother. The author of satirical poetry, three novels (the third and latest, *Lady Oracle*, is reviewed on page 68) and *Survivor* (a survey of Canadian literature) has now given less literary birth. The author of *Atwood*, now 38, soon has her child, a girl, Eleanor Jess Atwood-Gibson. Lucky says father, writer Glimme Gibson, because he'd been a boy the woman's movement in this country (which has children this often reluctant Atwood is a heroine) would have been set back 10 years. Atwood has said she never was a militant feminist because she didn't choose an early ego-debating domestic phase. She always knew she was in an intense last act, her final, that was a trick. But to everything there may be a season, and for Margaret Atwood the season for motherhood comes now that her own powerful identity, as writer and person, is unassailable. She showed to television journalist Helen Singer on the *Atwood-Gibson* turn near Atlantic Ontario.



Atwood: First thing first, the baby. It's a girl, you don't think? What kind of person did you go through in making you?

Atwood: I'd always intended to do it. I think I moved up emotionally and financially to a point where I thought I could do it. I didn't want to cross at one my life in a point where I wouldn't be able to pay a lot of attention to the baby. So I tried to place it in a time where I had a space doing for it, doing it more so that I could just sit around and for with the baby—and that, in fact, is what I've ended up doing.

Atwood: I'm very to being old quite back on you, but a few years ago you and something about male-female relationships being to some extent masculine, and what are you looking for political role. Did you feel you had to make this first, before you had a child?

Atwood: No. How could I solve the question before having a child? If you raise personally, I don't think you can completely solve anything personally acting in the situation in society because the way it is. You can get to a point where you have worked out a compromise or a way of accepting, but you can't separate those your

environment completely. You can't separate what people have to do. My personal situation is pretty good now, but that doesn't mean all these bad things have gone away. They haven't.

Atwood: What was it like being pregnant? Did it change you, or your life?

Atwood: It's always kind of uncomfortable what you were like before of course. That's

large, in fact they were taking bits at the hospital as to whether or not I was going to have more. But that's quite normal, one does do that. The only problem I had was some pressure on a nerve in my leg which meant it would collapse every once in a while. So I was going around with this quite impressive-looking cane for a time.

Atwood: Pregnant body, walking down the street going up, up.

Atwood: It certainly stops traffic when you're here. You can just walk across any old street and all and everything goes to hell.

Atwood: Was she baby changed your relationship with Glimme?

Atwood: I can't tell. She's just three weeks old. But I think relationships change no matter what, before or not, but it's a great addition. It's just that it wasn't more before, it's just that it's a new thing.

Atwood: The children stuff, was it a positive experience? What of it?

Atwood: It was indescribable. The first is that it's a child, and it's very hard to describe what it is anything but a child. There's this when I say it's indescribable. It's a sort of pink and blue and little angel faces or anything like that, not at all. The baby itself is a rather disturbing shade of mauve when it emerges. And I think the first thing everybody does—and I did it so well to say "Is the baby all right?" And especially in my eye, that was the first thing I wanted to know. Because three months before that, three months before I actually had the baby, every magazine or movie was printing all these things about like mothers and Doreen's syndrome (the syndrome of Doreen's syndrome, or something, or something with the age of the mother, something after the age of 30) which was quite strange. In fact, by that time it was completely freaked out, and asking myself "what have I gotten into?"

Atwood: Does the baby mark a new chapter in your life?

Atwood: Oh yes. So do a lot of things. It's sort of like getting a dog. I hate to put it on this level—it's very important to me, so I said, I had saved up for it for quite some time.

Atwood: Do you imagine her changing your perceptions?

Atwood: Oh yes. I don't see how she could possibly not. But I have no preconceptions as to how that will happen.

Atwood: Oh yes. Am I have the baby for a while.

Atwood: That's good. I think that's a warning of talking about your child, because the child is a separate person and ought to have some say in whether or not it wants to



There's fishing. And then there's 5 hours with a Black Marlin.

There's whisky. And then there's V.O.



Only V.O. is V.O.

MICRO-IMPRESS (SEAGRAM'S) U.S. CANADIAN WHISKY

Letters

The government pleads not guilty—with an explanation

I refer to *Remember The Old Saying About Left Wing Plots?* (May 17) in which relevance is made in the example of voter flu vaccine as an indication of the short-sightedness of government. I must take exception to the explanation regarding the waste the vaccine acquisition program and the suggestion that the Institute of Medicine predicted that the outbreak and that its request for an \$800,000 grant to prepare vaccines was turned down.

In late 1974, the then Institute of Microbiology and Hygiene of Montreal presented a proposal to develop a Canadian source of influenza vaccine which it usually required each fall on a regular basis. Its proposal was carefully reviewed both by the Department of Human Health and Welfare and the provincial authorities of health. Subsequently an arrangement was formalized whereby a Canadian production capacity to look after seasonal needs would be developed over a period of a few years. Its principal features included a \$350,000 contribution from the federal government for necessary building renovations and guaranteed purchase by the provinces of a minimum number of doses, to provide the necessary financial security to the enterprise to undertake the development. On November 4, 1975, I presented a \$200,000 cheque to the director of the institute to initiate the necessary building renovations. Almost all provinces guaranteed maximum purchase of the vaccine's production at a price that would include the transportation of an estimated \$350,000 equipment debt. Unfortunately, the Province of Quebec of the influenza virus, which is now circulating well of the Fraser Institute's former as late as January or

February of 1976, appeared before the Faculty could be fully equipped and scaled up to meet the emergency. In peak, this was due to a request by the institute to recognize some of the terms of the original agreement.

MARC BALCHON, MINISTER OF NATIONAL HEALTH AND WELFARE, OTTAWA

What they don't know hurts nobody
Flash Of The Flash (Family, June 28) on adoption, reviews gives rise to serious questions that ought not to be left unresolved. Whereas contracts were stated in the way of adoptees seeking their biological parents they are not merely "harms" caused by off-cousins as is suggested. The reasons are much more fundamental and go to the heart of concept of adoption itself which is essentially a legal concept. It forms the basis for what, in most cases, formulates into a beautiful lifelong family relationship for both the adoptee and the adopter. The legalities are that, upon adoption, the child ceases to be the child of the biological parents and becomes for all purposes the child of the adoptive parents.

It is in the context of the concept of adoption that the efforts of Parent Finders and similar organizations can be viewed. It is morally acceptable for an organization to assist a couple that faces in the face not merely of "off-cousins" but unknowns in the basic concept of adoption, as clearly embodied in the law. What of the \$300,000 adoption package in Canada who disavows adoption on the basis of the law as a new statute, coupled with the assurance given by adoptive agencies that no effort would be made at any time to reveal identity? Are these understandings now to be

seriously undermined by those who would urge a change in the law with an as yet little effect? If so adoption becomes little more than another form of foster care—a sort of glorified 18 years of baby sitting on some other person's behalf who returned all claim to the child as the first place. Our original intent recognizes, as did the former Commission, that in some cases there might be an overwhelming psychological need (as distinct from mere curiosity) for an adopter to know who his biological parents are. The law now provides ample opportunity for such a situation through an application to a judge.

It is incorrect to suggest that the former Commission recommended a revision to go for adult adoptees. The very opposite is the case. True, in one stage it would with the idea, but in part seven of its 8th report it states: "Having considered these proposals, on balance, we are not prepared to recommend the concept of a revision agency." Biological origins can be overdone. The fact is that the central human relationship of our present social order is void of any biological underpinnings—marriage.

MELVIN SMITH, PRESIDENT
ORGANIZATION TO FIND
THE ADOPTIVE FAMILY, VICTORIA

We were quite pleased with the article on Parent Finders (Family, June 28). In the past month we have had four more similar and reasonable, one was a mother reunited with her two daughters who were listed in our Reunited Registry.

PRELIMINARY, HANCOCK, DIRECTOR,
PARENT REUNITE 148 N. 10th AVE.,
MINNEAPOLIS

Expand your stereo enjoyment via access to the front.

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Stereo!



Stereo tape cassette opens up a whole new world of music listening enjoyment. Whether you're starting from scratch or as an addition to your present stereo system, Pioneer's CT-F2121 is perfect as the basic stereo new-cf6 deck. Beautifully outstanding in quality and beautifully designed for mechanical precision. With the tape compartment in the front, loading a cassette is as easy as slipping your hand in your pocket while front access design makes it easy to use advanced Pioneer features make it great to listen to. A long life, semi-molded head and built-in "Fuzzy-B" noise reduction system can compress the S/N ratio to a hushed

82 dB (chrome tape over 6kHz). And independent BAS and EQ selection enables you to obtain maximum frequency response and lowest distortion from virtually any type of tape. Pioneer's CT-F2121 helps you stretch your stereo budget. Produces your own music library. A built-in MPX (Multiplex) filter ensures the recording of FM stereo broadcasts with wide dynamic range. And to protect your valuable tapes, the fully automatic Stop Mechanism functions in all modes displaying the tape transport mechanism and returning all levers to neutral. Pioneer's CT-F2121 stereo cassette deck. The added enjoyment

of cassette tape versatility via access to the front.

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PORSCHE CREATES A NEW PORSCHE

In 1949, Porsche created the first Porsche.

A quarter of a century has passed since then. These are new times, with new demands and Porsche decided it was time to think about an alternate kind of sportscar.

The result is the new Porsche 924.

It doesn't look like any Porsche, or any other car, you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines are a combination of the designer's search for beauty and the engineer's search for efficiency. Together they have created a car that not only pleases the eye, but which has unique aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

But the heart of any sportscar is, and always will be, its handling characteristics. This is where Porsche has always set the standard. And this is where the uniqueness of the new Porsche 924 really comes through. The engine is up front, but the transmission is in the rear on the axle. To achieve a near perfect weight balance for superb handling.

Today, practicality is the watchword, even for a sportscar. The new Porsche 924 meets that demand in every sense. The Porsche 924 has our first water cooled engine but its fan is thermostatically controlled, for faster warm ups and reduced power drag. It has a racing-type overhead cam engine, and CIS fuel injection.

But, beside all the practical features of the new Porsche 924, there are the luxuries you'd expect from Porsche. Like the exclusive sound system which offers AM/FM stereo radio, tape deck and personal microphone for recording. There's a quartz timepiece. Even headlamp washers.

As unique as the new Porsche 924 is, there are many things it shares in common with all Porsches. It is built with meticulous attention to detail, painstaking craftsmanship, superb engineering, and commitment to the visual and driving excitement that have always been the very meaning of the word "Porsche". In the very broad sense, this new Porsche is a true Porsche.

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.

And that is perhaps the most practical thing about it.

Because the new Porsche 924 makes a Porsche possible, for you. Even in to-day's ever-changing world.

THE 924

The wrong things for the wrong reasons. Maclean's is to be congratulated on its choice of Peter Brexlow as its new Business Editor. I have for some time enjoyed and been informed by Brexlow's journalistic skills, both in *The Personal Journal* and now in *Maclean's*. In *The Money* (in *The Apple Place* and *The Health Answer* Mailer) only 19) he has not lost himself. I cannot recall having read a more vigorous or penetrating analysis of the problems of foreign and White-house who would administer a new administration for their thinking, are more to how to protect Brexlow is quite correct in reminding us that the complexity of the question is such that it cannot be

resolved by single dumping resources onto the Third World. That alleviates global debt, not poverty.

Government in government, however, are fraught with hazards too often ignored. Professor Edward Bradford points out a dozen years ago that economic development takes place, not when a country's national treasury is enriched but when an indigenous economic infrastructure is created and the disposable income of the individual citizen rises ("per capita" as some). It is a logical, albeit often ignored, principle: more income leads to economic well-being. While it is good that we are concerned about the plight of the peoples of

the Third World, we should also take clear thinking and rethinking on the effectiveness of what we are doing.

JAMES P. HILL, WESTON ONT.

Sometimes the credit gets a lot of credit

It was stated in the *Maclean's* interview with Dr. Walter Penfield (April 18) that he had "found the cause of and cure for epilepsy." I have searched several libraries and I can find nothing to substantiate this claim. I am aware of the well-known fact that brain trauma often produces epilepsy and that such trauma has been treated many times by Dr. Penfield.

It is my understanding that there are many types of epilepsy. While some may be curable, I have always been under the impression that in a broad general sense the illness could be controlled but not cured—primarily because no cure had ever been discovered.

CLAUDE HILLER, ILLINOIS

Dr. Penfield discovered a method of curing some forms of epilepsy through brain surgery. However, most forms are not operable and control and cure are still being sought.

Touching Fathering: a thing or two

Allen Fetheringham's *The Unlikely Little Acre: Who Could Touch Canadian Dream? A Thing Or Two* (June 28) is a well-deserved shot on the back to Jack Mandley for his *Crutch Run* program, but it is also a really intransigent slap in the face of the labor movement in Canada. Fetheringham didn't even have to look beyond Vancouver to find a racist and typical example of labor's vocal involvement—the De Cosmos Village housing co-op which recently won a Vincent Massey award for excellence in the urban environment. The labor movement, both provincially and nationally, was a partner with churches and groups in sponsoring this project and the program that produced some 6,000 units of group housing in more than a dozen Canadian cities. Moreover, labor's role in providing the development of community health centers, human rights and civil liberties support for disadvantaged groups and environmental projects is well known to many Canadians. It has to be stated that while particular such as Fetheringham must also have been aware of the nature and extent of labor's social involvement, and that his own view from an anti-labor bias, also evident in his crude questions regarding the Maritime Valley project, labor's frequently stated official position is the active rejection of claims and underlies adequate environmental impact assessment law.

Jack Mandley, in his address to the Habitat Forum, acknowledged the role being played by the U.C. environmental committee, even if Fetheringham did not.

EM McDONALD, DIRECTOR SOCIAL AND COMMUNITY PROGRAMS, DEPT. OF ENVIRONMENT, OTTAWA

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All these things make Jasper Park Lodge a vacation paradise. And, they also make it the perfect business conference centre. A wide selection of meeting rooms, all the latest audio-visual equipment, plus particularly attractive convention rates during the spring and fall seasons, have established Jasper Park Lodge's reputation as one of the continent's top meeting places.

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The new Shure M24H Cartridge offers audiolists the best of both worlds: It is the only cartridge on the market that does not compromise stereo reproduction to add dynamic quadriphonic capability. It reproduces the sound to change cartridges every time you change record format. This remarkable performance is achieved at only 1 to 1 1/2 grams tracking force—comparable to that of some of the most expensive conventional stereo cartridges. Other M24H features include the lowest effective stylus mass (0.99 mg) in quadriphony, a hyperactive stylus tip design, an exclusive "Dynamic X" oxide high-energy magnetic assembly, and a rising frequency response in the superaudio carrier band frequencies that is optimized for both stereo and quadriphonic reproduction. If you are considering adding CD-4 capability, but intend to continue playing your stereo library, this is the ONE cartridge for you.

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Why does God look after fools, drunkards and the United States? Somebody has to

Column by Walter Stewart

A year of madness in Washington has left us with a collection of items that occur at least as reflective of American life as the highly-powered staff that get into the magazine. However, then, our year's leavings from life in the United States:

Thank God That's Safe Main: The Federal Bureau of Investigation, the American answer to the Bank of Canada, has constructed a specially constructed vault outside the town of Culpeper, Virginia. The new vault, the world's largest machine, would be used to replenish the nation's supply in case of similar attack, and the vault is expected to withstand local as atomic blast and radiation, in space that might otherwise be taken away on people. American money will not be because not even by the end of the world.



Legal News: The Senate of Texas recently passed a law prohibiting Southern killer bees, said to be headed south, from crossing the Mexican border into Texas.

Cultural Note: Students at Indiana University have started a new course—ethnic outsiders. The course is made of candy-type stuff by a Chicago dentist, called in one time, may be worn by either men or women, and cannot be washed. According to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, students aren't the only ones buying the pants. The assistant manager of a Chicago department store reports that "most of the buyers have been between 35 and 60." As for, no doubt, of the rich exchange of cultural values between nations, the pants are now available in a Vietnam, etc. store.

Los Yonks But Dukes: The Ohio-Bakers Association convention in Cincinnati announced that the end of the good old birthday cake with a flower and a square marmoset on the icing is gone. Kids now want car-

toon-roses? Some three or so with water. Bakers also obligate many adult towns, and one under banker and "Every baker has a cake baked up which shows a woman lying on a bed. Of course, you don't usually put those cakes right out front because you might offend some body." That's nothing, you should see the turn in Washington.

Scuffed Shirts and All That Jazz in New Orleans: the latest bar game is the Wet Shirt contest. The ingredients required are a bikini girl, a T-shirt, a bucket of water and a noiseful of boogie. The object is to pour the water into the shirt and keep it from being enough for the crowd to judge between contestants. There are both male and female categories. And they say American civilization is slipping.

Meanwhile, in the North... In Montgomery County, you must the Maryland border from Washington, the locals have also invented a game called "Cauldron polo." Equipment required: one cow, one heeled hat and one road or lane lined with mailboxes. The object is to knock an enemy mailboxes as possible off their posts, and aficionados report that a cauldron wagon is the best bet to use because "you have more room to swing." Each successful strike is called a "burger," most burgers were a ten-year weight in the air explained. "It's just something to do on a night when you have nothing to do." After all, too much is a bad for you.

You're Not Going To Believe This, Henry, Right? A Chicago hotel, celebrating the complete ban of a new health insurance, sent out letters to 4,000 frequent customers. Unfortunately the job of sending was turned over to a computer group and it sent the wrong type to 4,000 people: get Dear-Mr. and Mrs. Smith-I hope you can spend your day letters to explain to their spouses. At least one divorce was helped on the way by a mail-order letter, and a number of lawsuits are in the works.

The Great Under-Swing-Up: There is quite a stir in Reston, Virginia, a planned community just outside the national capital. Since the folks have taken to doing their washing at home, without benefits of dryer, and hanging the results out on a clothesline to air. Management is now at a loss. Clotheslines are not allowed, except "where protected from view by screening or fencing" approved by a review board. The whole thing is expected to end up in court, because two delinquent children have said they will stick to their clotheslines, to save energy.

What Has Eight Legs, Government Protection, And Wants To Be Left Alone? Is

Scenic? (Scenic? Scenic? But High, who works for the National Marine Fisheries Service, is mad. What he has nothing else to do, High got fed up to his dung and goes out and wrestles octopuses. On top. Whatever. He was the world champion octopus wrestler of 1963. The State of Washington, alarmed that human octopuses will keep the octopus from reproducing, have made it a punishable offense to molest the shy octopuses. High thinks the law goes too far. He obviously has down reason for wanting to wrestle, but I think the state is on firm ground. Water. What?

It Flies Through The Air With The Great-out Of Base, And The Fellow Who Threw It Earns Several Degrees: Students at the University of Iowa can earn college credits throwing a Frisbee. There is even a textbook that includes a chapter on the physics of Frisbee flight. And you thought kids waste their time in school.

Author! Author! Right: Peter Clyne, a Texas tax lawyer and the author of the book *How Not To Pay Your Taxes* was recently convicted on charges of preparing false income tax documents.

Shut We Join The Ladies? The release of new statistics has set off a spate of letter reporting here. What turns up in the latest results are reflections in churches and objection by women. While congregations are being made to line up and cough up their subsidies after the women. It apparently beats the old collection system, but on the church side, reflection by women are up 145% in the last decade.

The hand that reached the credit once And laid the infant soul And cradled the soul



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Preview

Preview

Trudeau's 'big shuffle' is getting smaller every day



Quebec's prodigal son

Ontario voters are now saying the long-awaited federal cabinet shuffle will see only two of their new faces brought in. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, making over his options as he and his wife, Margaret, dined over the blue waters of the Adriatic, was known to be wary of staging a "bath of the long knives" that might drive veterans to resign from parliament and trigger by-elections the government would be apt to lose. So, even though he was less than happy with the performance of such senior men as Transport Minister Otto Lang, who fumbled the air-trail language dispute, and External Affairs Minister Allan Rock, who has now been converted to be available in a high-profile portfolio, the Prime Minister will hang on to his old warhorses. First expected early this summer, the shuffle was delayed by one man-crisis after another and now is expected late this month. Most likely promotion: former consumer affairs minister André Ouellet to come back from the cold of his contempt-of-court conviction.

Slippery like the head: While any early decision is clearly out of the question, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands will probably turn over her throne to Crown Princess Beatrix sooner rather than later.



Bernhardt: If profits are a man out...

Juliana's husband, Prince Bernhard, 65, is an arthritic dogman, having been diagnosed as "chronically imprudent and unwise" by the Dutch government over his relationship with Lockheed Aircraft Corp. As Bernhard resigned all his official positions, the queen resolved to side with her government and put aside her personal desire to abdicate. But palace-watchers doubted she would want to rule indefinitely, with her husband out of public view. Bernhard denied receiving \$5 million from Lockheed for influencing Dutch aircraft purchases but the government seemed loath to believe his story.

Ready to take on the world: After spending most of his last six months in the job, seeing Canada in search of some Con-



Clark: It never hurts to be prepared

Enjoy it while you can: Western cattlemen forecast good news for Canadian beefsteaks as farmers continue to send their cows to slaughter in record numbers. With the recent surge in feed-grain prices, cattle have become too expensive to keep. So, for at least another year, beef prices in the supermarket will remain at today's relatively low level. But as farmers ease out of feedlot operations and go back to farm-herd ranching, it's anyone's guess what will happen. Two developments appear certain, however: the further consolidation of western cattle concerns and a noticeable change in the taste and texture of western beef. "It's just too easy to feed four-dollar-a-head pigs to cattle that aren't going to return more than 40 cents a pound," said one granger cattleman. "This fall, an anticipated selling spree will reduce Canada's beef stocks by 5%."

Reenactment's deadly's going a-hunting! There's a trace of Nimrod in most Can-



Keep your eyes open—the animals are getting rarer each year

dian men (and in not a few of the country's women, too) but it's hunting that's hunting is almost an extinct way of life. No fewer than 12,000 licenses for wildfowl and big game were issued last year by the Regina government. That is not counted but one license for every seven residents. This year, wildlife authorities anticipate even more hunters will be prowling the prairie and taping the sloughs. All signs point to happy hunting indeed. An abundance of waterfowl is reported by the wildlife and fisheries branch of the provincial tourism department. Watching the sportsmen track are the province's game warden, who are managing ducks and geese are a costly nuisance. Besides the loach, 12,000 will be needed if 15 hunters are expected in the province this fall.

Enjoy it while you can: Western cattlemen forecast good news for Canadian beefsteaks as farmers continue to send their cows to slaughter in record numbers. With the recent surge in feed-grain prices, cattle have become too expensive to keep. So, for at least another year, beef prices in the supermarket will remain at today's relatively low level. But as farmers ease out of feedlot operations and go back to farm-herd ranching, it's anyone's guess what will happen. Two developments appear certain, however: the further consolidation of western cattle concerns and a noticeable change in the taste and texture of western beef. "It's just too easy to feed four-dollar-a-head pigs to cattle that aren't going to return more than 40 cents a pound," said one granger cattleman. "This fall, an anticipated selling spree will reduce Canada's beef stocks by 5%."

Canada

What to do when the controls come off?

Not long after he introduced Canada's first-ever price-control law and price controls (see full), Finance Minister Donald Macdonald observed that he felt like a man who had fallen from a 30-story building and still has 15 stories to go. Three days before the first round of general elections, he may find the ground rather tough but at an alarming rate. Labor is busy planning on October 14 day of protest against controls, a so-called "downer" of the vice-financed general strike. And, for the first time, the business community has launched a determined campaign of opposition. In full-page advertisements, speeches, interviews, and more than 400 letters to the government, business leaders have made it clear that they do not like the program. Complicated issues like President Paul Park, whose company was barred down by the Anti-Inflation Board as bad for an increase in the price of cigarettes. "The goal seems to have changed from anti-inflation to anti-profit," it was said. "The Anti-Inflation Board is not a goal of the program."

What has most angered business leaders is the rule announced in last May's budget restricting companies to 5% of their pre-profits levels. That rule is likely to be modified by Macdonald shortly after Labor Day, but the finance minister's program will obviously not end there. Labor will be troubled by nothing less than termination of the program, and that is something the government is not prepared to do. Controls will, however, likely be lifted well in advance of the originally proposed termination date of December 31, 1981. An election is due in the first half of 1982 and the Liberals will hardly want to fight for some with a controls program still in place imposing its "rough justice" on the public.

About 110 Newfoundland auto mechanics were among the latest to feel the government's law. A pay settlement giving them \$4.95 an hour was rolled back to \$6.30 by the Anti-Inflation Board. The mechanics appealed the decision to Donald Tuzley, administrator of the controls program, who promptly shipped them back further to \$5.50 an hour. Said Tuzley, "I don't expect people to like what I do."

Eventually, Ottawa's controls are coming

under heavy fire just as the first real signs emerge that the program is working. Statistics released last month showed the inflation rate had slipped to an annual rate of just 4.4%, down from 30.7% when the program was introduced last October and even more than in the United States, where the annual rate reached 6.3% during the summer. Nor has the decline in the inflation rate been entirely unproblematic, as some labor leaders claim, to falling from prices which are outside the controls program. Even excluding food prices, the inflation rate for all other goods dropped to just 1.5% during the summer compared to 11.1% last October. Still, Canadian Labor Congress president Joe Morris remains unconvinced. Says he, "The program isn't controlling inflation, no matter what they say." Morris may have a point. The Parliament Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development studies believe that it is too early to tell if inflation has been tamed in Canada. Forecasters estimate the fall in auto insurance rates, property taxes and food and energy prices could form the inflationary fires again.

Form part, Ottawa's clasp on controls remains unclear, though no one in official Ottawa is admitting that they are at all uncertain. The government's economic control, after being directed to finding a replacement. The Americans, who had their own experience with controls earlier this decade, offered Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau one solution during the economic summit conference in Puerto Rico last June: do nothing after controls are lifted. That might be good politics but is probably poor economics. The most serious problem on the first phase—the market power of big business and big labor—would still exist in the short term after controls, there might be a mad grab for more by people who felt they had fallen behind during controls. The Americans cautioned that problem by letting their economy slip into a deep recession, something the Canadian government is unlikely to do. One of the stated purposes of the controls program was to give Ottawa "a breathing space" in which to work out new ap-

proaches to economic problems in what business heads called a "new society."

Trudeau has handed the task of developing new approaches to a high-powered group of 30 senior civil servants—called the 30-10 because they are 30 at the deputy-minister level. Meeting every Wednesday under the chairmanship of Michael Philfeld, Clerk of the Privy Council, the 30-10 have mailed over a series of secret study papers on the economy that, according to one insider, can best be described as "incomplete" in quality. Similarly, although just what has emerged from the 30-10 deliberations is not known, the civil servants so far in the words of a senior Liberal MP "aren't got any magic answers." In the meantime, the money surrounding the 30-10 has caused some concern among Liberal MPs and even cabinet ministers. Some are saying the discussion of post-controls society be opened up to the public. But Macdonald, who feels that the government was "lucky" by the public debate on its reform during the last session



Philfeld (the technician), Park (the connector), Morris (the observer), Gellert (the photographer) and Tuzley (the enforcer)

and early September, is reluctant to go through a similar experience again.

Trudeau, Macdonald and several other key cabinet members have, however, held a series of meetings to private with Morris and other labor leaders in the subject of the post-controls economy. Morris is pushing a proposal for a Council for Social and Economic Planning, a group made up of representatives of government, labor and business that would set guidelines for investment in the Canadian economy. Advocates of this proposal like it as the "European" practice in Sweden and West Germany, while its detractors compare it to the fascist "corporatism" of Mussolini's Italy and Franco's Spain. Whatever it is called, it is unlikely to be adopted by the government. Aside from the controversial nature of the proposal—it would bypass parliament and leave out small business, non-unionized labor, farmers and consumers—it is considered to be the highly unlikely to be adopted by the government. It is doubtful even that Morris has the labor movement behind him in making the proposal. A labor union representative, the Canadian Union of Public Employees, is reportedly working to kill the whole idea.

Less publicized than the meetings with labor have been a series of discussions between Macdonald and key business leaders. Such capitals as industry as in Toronto's Paul Park, Dick Thompson of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, and Paul Desmarais of Power Corp. have dropped through Macdonald's office recently. Yet they have apparently offered little in the way of suggestions for running a post-controls economy beyond the orthodox measures of cutting government spending and quelling the growth in the money supply.

The cabinet itself is scheduled to release regular meetings September 13 and the post-controls economy is certain to be high on the agenda. Trudeau wants to make a major statement on the direction the government is headed in the Throne Speech planned for mid-October, but he seems to be personally perplexed about what to do. Indications are, however, that the government will do little more than introduce a new competition bill to bring corporate mergers and monopolies under the eye of a statute. Although the bill will probably provoke heavy fire from some corporate

opponents, its purpose would be not to curtail free enterprise but to encourage it. Trudeau himself, despite his self-proclaimed flirtation with the works of Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith—who advocates permanent government controls for big corporations and unions—remains at least an advocate of the market place as the best mechanism of control. Government proposals to create a new competition for the banks rather than impose direct controls on them (see page 24) are a reflection of that view.

In a recent interview with *Forbes* magazine, Trudeau downplayed his association with Galbraith and spoke instead of his affiliation with Joseph Schumpeter, a pre-war, enterprise economist, and Wladimir Lenin, who advocated government intervention but not necessarily controls. Said Trudeau, "I'm inclined to say, 'Who's Galbraith?' I've read two or three books by him. I've read him a couple of times as well. I find he is a delightful writer and thinker. But as far as economics, you know, I spent two years studying with Schumpeter and two years studying with Lenin and if you want to know who is providing any economic thinking, you'd be better to think in terms of Lenin and Schumpeter. When a job isn't being done by the private sector, I have no objec-

logical hang-up about the government stepping in and doing for you what you've not the power to do. Government is to make policy decisions and not to identify the private sector. So, if there is any preconception in my mind it is on the side of private enterprise." JES/US/004047

NEWFOUNDLAND

Deep six for a Big Bear

Ever since it crashed into the Atlantic 230 miles southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland, on August 5, Soviet ships have kept watch over the watery grave of the missing TU-95 reconnaissance plane. Soviet officers over the remains of the crashing plane, and a corresponding search mission on the part of Soviet patrol, a navy mine. Both sides would only like to know what caused the big aircraft apparently to break up on a night between Cuba and the Soviet Union, alas, the TU-95 undoubtedly carried sophisticated radar, electronic surveillance equipment and code books. The Canadian military might also have been expected to participate on the latest evidence of regular Russian spy flights along the fringes of Canadian airspace by leaving the shores for a well-equipped and active Canadian coast defense. Yet this has not happened. The re-



Soviet bomber on the off-shore spot where the Bear went down; no help wanted

son Canada's relations with the USSR are generally good, and Orsawa did not want to create needless diplomatic waxes just before the late August visit to Vancouver by three Soviet warships. Accordingly, the Canadian Navy continuously professed it helping, based on the apparently frantic search for survivors, while remaining studiously tight-lipped about the incident. Said a Halifax senior spokesman: "All we are doing is looking. The search by Russia ships continues, and we are just watching."

Canadian Forest personnel have grown accustomed to having one of the first-arriving, helicopter-borne skiers the coast of Newfoundland about every three months en route from Cuba to the coast. Last month's flight was picked up by Montreal Command's Halifax headquarters as it transited from the United States into the Canadian section of north Atlantic waters. At midnight someone thought it heard a distress call from the plane. Then the Bear, flying at an altitude above 30,000 feet and just outside of Canadian airspace, appeared to bank up. A Canadian Thunderbolt plane was dispatched from St. John's and reported an oil slick and floating debris. By the time the Canadian destroyer Ashbourne reached the site, two Russian trawlers had scooped up everything. If any bodies or survivors from the Bear's crew of about 12 were ever found, no one is saying. It took the Soviet navy two weeks to admit that the plane had even crashed.

In the meantime, another Canadian destroyer, the *MacKenzie*, and a civil patrol plane have kept an eye on Soviet activity at the site. There was plenty to observe. The Soviet task force had big, oblong cargo and troop-deck planes that apparently are able to operate in the sector of the Newfoundland Grand Banks where the ocean is only about 100 feet deep. According to the Canadian observers, who released no details, something was in fact recovered from the wreck.

On the basis of past experience, the Russians are likely to state over the sea for some time to come. When a Soviet submarine sank off the coast of France four years ago, a Russian surface vessel towed it and has been almost constantly at the scene since.

LONDON WIRELESS

ONTARIO

An epidemic of epidemics

The chart for Olga Kanavsky, a 36-year-old St. Catharines, Ontario, woman who was suspected to be Canada's first victim of a deadly virus disease called Lassa fever, now carries the inscription: "Treated as a regular patient." She was treated as just that, but a regular patient during the two weeks after she flew into Toronto from a European holiday on August 2 and felt suddenly and intensely ill. She set off the wave of an epidemic after Canadian and American medical scientists eliminated all



the likely cause of her disease and diagnosed her as having some of Lassa. An epidemiological health protection zone resulted in the first closing of an Ontario hospital, Kitchener General, and a five-day round-the-clock search for about 60 fellow British Airways passengers who might have been infected.

The virus is rare—Mrs. Kanavsky is in satisfactory condition and her disease is not contagious. But she will be quarantined to have suffered Lassa fever in some point. In the aftermath, doctors will be made that will increase protection against infectious diseases for all Canadians. The case of Olga Kanavsky served to drive home the point that even a medically advanced country like Canada can be vulnerable.

In the last four months, an alarm is being sounded. Lassa fever has been traced to a nurse—initially dead in Lassa fever, the Lassa fever disease, west of St. Louis, erythralia, polio and diphtheria. In a middle world population, no country can consider itself immune. A country can take steps to control infectious diseases in the

domestic population by immunization programs, water purification and common vigilance over the food service industry. Because of the Kanavsky case Ontario and Orsawa will initiate two further measures against widespread infection. Health Minister Marc Lalonde will be asked to order international travelers arriving in Canada to fill out a questionnaire card asking where they have been and giving their home addresses. That will enable authorities to track down infected contacts in the event of an outbreak. The Ontario government will spend up plans for an emergency isolation unit with no fewer than 15 beds. At its worst, all hospitals in Metro Toronto are able to isolate at least one room for the more common infectious diseases but only the newest hospitals, such as Chedoke General, have separate ventilation systems (used in the control of toxic airborne diseases). Since Toronto International Airport is a major transfer point for travelers, an isolation unit would not isolate just the residents of Toronto and Ontario.



There are two possible benefits of the Lassa fever cases and the political process, but the immediate result has been an increase in public awareness of infectious diseases and the need for everyone to be more concerned about basic infection control. It is known about airplanes for ventilation and other vaccination before setting out for exotic destinations, but many people do not know that they should be vaccinated or receive a booster shot every five years for tetanus and polio. "There is a lack of awareness and a sense of complacency," says Toronto epidemiologist Dr. J. Stewart Bell. "We now have parents who have a fear of diphtheria and young parents who don't remember to get their own tetanus problem. Doctors, generally, have a low index of suspicion when it comes to contagious diseases, and these diseases are very under-reported."

Dr. Andrew Klevorin, an internationally recognized virologist who is technical director of the laboratory services branch of the Ontario health ministry, is one of the medical detectives on the currently closed of the nature and cause of Olga Kanavsky's mysterious disease. But he says there have been and always will be serious outbreaks of contagious diseases. Last year, for example, 100 patients died from St. Louis encephalitis which had never appeared before in Canada. Two confirmed but unproven, victims have been identified so far this year. Dr. Barbara Blaise, director of the community health protection branch for the Ontario health ministry, acknowledges that, while the St. Louis virus has been around in the southern United States since the 1930s and could be imported, "I don't like to see a new virus take hold here." In the Canadian St. Louis cases, the disease was carried by birds, which were bitten by mosquitoes while, in fact, infected people. How it got into the bird and mouse, she says, it would be wrong to start dumping down on investigations because some people have always been sensitive about health screening. "The whole thing is rapid travel," she says. "Look at the number of flights with about 24-hour periods. It's staggering and some of the passengers could be breeding something. We're vulnerable because of the."

Dr. Bruce Dull, assistant director of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, which is the only one in North America capable of diagnosing Lassa fever, has been involved not only with the case of Olga Kanavsky but also with the Philadelphia Legionnaires' disease which, so far, has killed 22 persons and infected 177. Says Dr. Dull: "There has been a developing pattern over the years. We have had a number of events but they are not unexpected." Even the Legionnaires' disease in the mid-1960s, he said, there was no outbreak in a Washington hospital of 100 cases of pneumonia which killed about 16 people. It was a situation similar to Legionnaires' disease and, in Philadelphia,

the reason was never discovered. Toronto recently met its first fully-fledged emergency exercise dealing with a potentially dangerous and spreadable disease, but there is a caveat. This night-day closure of Chedoke General, with the accompanying loss of patients and the convenience of staff isolation, could cost as much as \$300,000. No one has yet estimated the loss of income in the 36 doctors whose offices—on the top floor of the hospital—were closed and to surgeons whose scheduled operations were cancelled. Whatever the price, it stands as a milestone when compared with the cost in human lives had a deadly disease been allowed to spread.

—HELENE CORNELIUS

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Minister Fix-it

The only concrete signs of a man being offered prolonged tenure in the hands of a legislature's toppling and pulling at a rubber band in his job. For 26 years, Paul Weiler, chairman of the British Columbia Labor Relations Board, has presided over one of the most demanding labor relations in Canada, overseeing and mediating the relations labor unions that in 1975 gave the province's worst per capita record in six days lost.

This year's spate of labor turmoil has resulted from last spring's 16-day hospital strike to a better 30-day dispute at the Alcanium Co. of Canada's Kootenai plant and a prolonged strike and lockout involving construction workers this summer, with the prospect for more trouble as the construction industry, a contracting upheaval shutdown and a probable strike on the air forces this fall. Throughout it all,

Weiler, a former law professor at Toronto's Osgoode Hall, has brought to his work a sense of scholarly detachment and fairness that has earned him the respect of both labor and management. Not far behind his arduous job was his home. He has developed, he says humbly, "a very high pain threshold—for the other fellow's pain."

Weiler also has going for him what he considers to be the most powerful labor card in North America—a code that emerged largely from a flurry of legislation, enacted by former premier David Barrett's New Democratic Party government. What makes Weiler's board different from any other in Canada is that it has powers to handle all aspects of labor relations—guiding those formerly given over to the courts. Armed with this kind of effort, the board has been able to sit in disputes and, often, settle wars. Last June, for example, the board helped to end a war at Kitimat by preventing Alcan from dumping wildcat strikers. During July's hospital strike, the board gave residents and strikers the right to form a union, and made the current story of doing so as a whole hospital services were to be considered successful during the strike.

One of the incident challenges is coming Weiler blew up his summer at Pacific Press, the company that owns the press. The board's two most daily newspapers, the *Queen's Printer* and the afternoon *Vancouver Sun*. After almost a year of negotiations, Pacific Press's 1,400 employees had made a contract agreement for them by the June 30 deadline. Newspaper executives, who find the company was offering to pay the agreed 10% increase on the grounds that it would contribute the full-



Weiler in the Vancouver Sun office: a return to the scene of his latest setback

and Anti-Inflation Act Instead, Dave Stron, general manager of Pacific Press, offered the \$35 allowable under the Anti-Inflation Board's guidelines and promised to go to Ottawa and "do my best" to get the full \$65. The newspaper's fight for full expense, instructive to November 1. With the two sides exhausted, the newspapers ceased publication, the victims first of work stoppages or organized mainly by angry printers and then subject to closure by Pacific Press.

Enter Weiler, who in his usual understated way allowed that there had been a "misunderstanding" at Pacific Press. However, he firmly supported the company's right to withhold half of the \$65 increase that would subject it to an influx of up to four million dollars. On August 20, his board contrived a return to work in which, said a board member, "both parties bled a little." The employees were granted, retroactive to November 1, only the \$35

increase, with the remaining \$30 contingent upon an aim hearing expected in October. In addition, each employee was fined 1% daily for taking part in work stoppages. The company, on the other hand, was forced to accept the plan because the union, in an attempt to recover some of the one million dollars it lost during shutdowns. What Weiler considers important about the settlement is that for the first time explicit reasons were given explaining why a promotional labor board could not enter a firm to hammer a collective agreement that seemed to be in violation of a federal law.

Whenever he goes back east, Weiler likes to tell his friends that if they want to see the future of industrial relations in this country "they should come out to British Columbia." It's all there, he says—the peak of middle management professionalism to maximize the growth of the trade union movement and the surprising high number

of employees who are starting to organize themselves. Weiler, 37, went to BC he says, because "the BC labor code is the major experiment in labor law in Canada." He says, however, long before his five-year term is complete, he plans to return to Osgoode Hall to write a book about his experiences in BC. Described by many as having one of the least strict legal minds in the country, he has already written a book about the Supreme Court of Canada and there is speculation that he might well become that court's youngest-ever appointee. But that, insists Weiler, is "not one of my immediate career opportunities."

—LAUREN EMBROW

MONTREAL

What price glory?

Back in the days when the Summer Olympics were little more than a glum in his eye, Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau, in a

now famous forecast, predicted that the games could no more run a deficit than a man could have a baby. The baby, as it turned out, grew into a deficit now valued at \$965 million out of a total gain of \$1.4 billion (Olympic's original cost estimate of \$300 million). In Quebec City last March, a National Assembly committee launched an long-awaited inquiry into how and why the costs had soared so high. But apart from a breathtaking expenditure by Drapeau—who wilyly disclaimed his city's responsibility for even the \$300 million of the deficit that Quebec City wants Montreal to pay—the hearings proved to be a lackluster affair that provided few answers.

So far, investigations into Olympic costs have led to seven people being charged on 30 counts including fraud, and the demanding of asset statements from the construction of the Olympic Village. Claude Rouleau, president of the pro-



Drapeau testifying at the hearings he who called the game won't pay the piper

How did he hope to acquire funds instead? This mayor said that he had a few ideas in mind, but did not require on what they might be. Quebec City has already taken over 80% of the Olympic deficit, and raised a \$700 million loan from a consortium of U.S. and Canadian banks to help pay for it. As for the 20% remaining—roughly \$200 million—Drapeau refused to even consider paying it. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "I don't owe the provincial government a thing." Meanwhile, he said, will never have to pay a special tax to pay off the Olympic debt.

In the meantime, the progress of the committee's inquiry left for opposition Parti Québécois deeply distressed. As commented, declared the mp Michel Lacroix, the hearings amounted to a "monstrous fraud." What he no wanted to see was no re-investigation along the lines of those carried out by the U.S. Senate committee, equipped with the power to subpoena witnesses and compel evidence.

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SUCBURY

Safety limit

On August 17, when 31-year-old Samuel Beals was fatally crushed between an iron carner and a wooden pillar at the 3,000-foot level of Massachusetts' Nickel Co. Fredonia mine, puritanism erupted among the dead man's co-workers. Some even ran, not to get help but to escape the scene they had just witnessed. Others went one on one, in a magnificent act of fratricide, tried to strangle the iron-car on its

There's still gold in them thar hills

Up in northern British Columbia's Cariboo country there is a shrine and a town named after Terry Toop, a British prospector who, back in 1882, struck gold in the town of \$600,000. To date, Canada's only gold producer for liquors and books, women and died broke. His obituary notice was short and sweet: poor Billy had forgotten to wear anything but his dedication years. Now, a little over 100 years later, another lucky prospector, Terry Toop, is sitting on what could be a one-million-dollar bonanza, the greatest placer gold (lame gold) discovery of this century in BC. Toop, 38, is already adding another page to the legend of the lucky gold workers, but he plans the use to trace the tragic fate of Billy Barker.

"No way I'm gonna end up like him. I don't booze it up enough," says Toop, a rough-hewn friendly sort who admits, however, that if he had made his big find when he was still a young man "I'd a been up Las Vegas." Instead, Toop left his childhood farm home back in 1934 at the age of 17 and roamed northern BC and the Yukon for the next 40 years, convinced that he would be gold someday. Finally, three years ago, he and his wife, Garry, found what they were looking for.

For some time, Toop had had a hunch—he calls it a "premonition"—about an ancient channel of gold-carrying across the junction of two small creeks, Mary Creek and Norton Creek, in the Cariboo-Cariboo country about 30 miles east of Quesnel. He and Garry, a shy 38-year-old, shovelled, picked and panned until, one cold October day, they hit black-guy clay, the substance in which gold often floats. Soon, they were panning out what they had dreamed of: \$20 magnets, filling loads from the gravel around them. When the two men raced home that night, Terry's wife, Marge, had trouble understanding them "they were talking so fast." But when

Terry yelled at his wife, "We've struck it," Garry didn't understand and the two of them "did a quick job of shovelling the buckets together." That little two-man job was the only collection the Toops had found themselves.

So busy have they been mining their bonanza. So far, says Toop, they have excavated "about \$100,000" worth of nuggets.

Apart from buying a new car, the Toops, who used to support themselves by winter fire-trapping, have poured all of their money into heavy machinery—"about \$150,000 worth, between me and the 5-acre company," says Toop—which they need to get the gold out of the earth. This year they plan to hire a little truck, the one they call Toopville features three cabs and a piston pump. There is also a rather machine made country with a boat hanging from a noose—this Garry's idea of saving off savings—and a dog resembling a pug named "Cockatoo" in its process. Since none of their line go out, says Toop, the place has been packed with weekenders, day trippers and dreamers who "think they can get off their mining gear and go to the States for a little while."

Wishful of their find, the Toops never leave the site unguarded and Toop sleeps with a 44-caliber gun tucked under his pillow. "You never know," he observes, "what may or not be gonna read about this and come out in a I don't read about it. I'm not afraid to shoot." Every day, the Toops are out at the site, Terry at the wheel of a 20-ton dump truck, Marge panning, panning, and so on, and they hope, they hope, into the mouth of a sluice box that flushes the gravel down, while two other generations of Toop—son Garry and grandson, Bradley Young, 14—devourily work with shovels and pick and wait for



Garry, Marge and Terry Toop, and Terry (above) working the sluice, and Terry panning (below) the sluice, rewarded

the whole mass to settle down—so that they can see the gold, and often garnets and black diamonds glinting in the bed. Then, they eagerly lift out the gold with a simple wooden slot kitchen spoon.

It is a busily hard work. "Whatever the family got out of this, they deserve it," says a Department of Mines spokesman in Quesnel. "This man has worked for many years and he has discovered a dream—the only vein of gold like this in a long, long time."

Still, with the prospect of years of back-breaking work ahead for the small family, the actual thrill of discovery long gone, and as sure as we tell how much gold they really do have, the Toops may be having a different kind of dream, that of an offer they can't refuse. Says Terry Toop: "If someone offered me a million bucks, I'd sell it tomorrow."

—JANET EMBROW



Minna Marwal, Keith Lowly, Patterson each now dig they wander, 'Who's next?'

own. Bank was the fourth casualty at the Sedbury, Ontario, mine in a year and the sixth to die in 1990's view Sedbury complex since January. For the 1,400 men at Frood, the hard rock miner's traditional weaknesses in the face of danger—and death—is beginning to crack. "Now when you go to work," says Ken Marwal, a Frood chap, "you think it could happen to me. I'm going to be next."

Now, however, a report by a royal commission released in Ontario last month has taken up the candle on behalf of miners. In a 235-page indictment, James Han, an electrical engineer and dean of graduate studies at the University of Toronto, criticizes both government and industry for failing to live up to their responsibilities in ensuring the safety of miners. He concludes that "the paternalistic attitudes of the past... appear to remain a part of the industry mind-set" and that industry workers to government in an industry of being guilty at times of "unjustified complacency." Briefing with 117 recommendations for safety improvements, the report stands not only to benefit Ontario's 30,000 mine workers but miners across the country. In the lead of document, says Minna Marwal, secretary of a commission studying asbestos mining in Quebec, that should help to bring public opinion on a broad scale.

Some of Han's most scathing criticisms are directed at the failure to prosecute from radioactive particles and dust that can lead to crippling and fatal lung diseases. In a study of 31 deaths from lung cancer among uranium miners at Elliot Lake and Bancroft, Ont., between 1955 and 1974, Han discovered that 36 more men had died than accounts would expect among a normal population. And yet, says Han, "neither the workers nor their representatives were advised about the carcinogenicity of the problem." Han noted that cooperation between the industry-linked Mines Act and the Prevention Association

and the provincial government had come "to be seen by the miners as, at best, a compromise of interests and, at worst, collusion."

Han recommended tougher standards and increasing of dust levels in mines, such as a ban on smoking work in dangerous and heavy ways of mining means to less hazardous jobs without loss of pay. In his recommendations for all types of mining, he stressed, among other things, the need for high standards of job-training before underground situations, and he proposed that some workers be paid by their employers as not to safety inspectors. Overlooked by Han was the high proportion of fatal accidents apparently connected with human pay programs, one official of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America estimates that 60 of the 96 deaths in two years since 1980 involved human pay or bonus-related work. Says Dave Pincus, a Sedbury miner: "When a person's livelihood is dependent on a bonus, you make money—but you break every safety provision there is."

The Ontario government received Han's report with pleasure and satisfaction. The cabinet appointed a five-man commission to study the report and Len Bennett, whose natural resources ministry task is putting from Han, said that some of the recommendations may be law by next year. But, there were grounds for skepticism. Earlier this year, New Democratic Party Leader Stephen Leveson forced the closing of a uranium mine at Muskellunge. One after revealing that levels were above permissible provincial levels. A day after release of the Han report, Leveson issued a 10-page document claiming that, after a supposed check, the level of asbestos fibers in the air at Muskellunge was just the same as before.

—CLARE BROWN/STOCK LOWE

OTTAWA

Nothing to 'bitch' about

What, in a recent interview, Pierre Trudeau inspired bankers for being

"the worst bankers of all" bank shares duly flattered as Canadian stock exchanges. But as it turned out, the banks had little cause for concern. Last month's federal white paper outlining proposed changes to the Bank Act set the stage for various but significant changes to the industry—most notably by fast-tracking somewhat greater competition in the banking world including the prospect of foreign banks operating on Canadian soil. But as the gum pointed in banking stocks following release of the white paper, suggested, the proposals were not likely to prevent Canada's tightly chartered banks from making profitably as

One key proposal will considerably simplify the process under which banks can be created. That should result in a modest flowering of new banks, especially outside of central Canada, and permit the metamorphosis of other financial institutions—including, for example, credit unions—into banks. For the time, too, provincial governments will be allowed to participate in bank ownership. Trust companies and credit unions will also be allowed direct access to the central bank clearing system, creating at least for them to get banking services from the public. But to date they will have to place roughly 2% of their deposits with the Bank of Canada, the agency through which Ottawa supervises the system.

But the most revolutionary change proposed by Finance Minister Donald MacDonald would reverse the philosophy of his mentor, former finance minister Walter Gordon, and permit foreign banks to set up chartered Canadian subsidiaries. The foreign-owned banks would be tightly regulated as to size—they would be permitted no more than five per cent of assets in deposits in Canada; the Canadian portion of the legal limit would be \$500 million in assets, compared to the Royal Bank's \$23.2 billion.

In exchange for the prospect of facing heightened competition, chartered banks in Canada in future would be allowed access to such fields as leasing and factoring—the system under which financial institutions purchase as a discount debts owed to other companies. There, as it happens, are the very areas in which the more than 60 foreign banks currently operating in Canada on a "license" or non-bank basis have been specializing. Under the new rules, perhaps 16 of the foreign newcomers will now set up full-fledged chartered banks. Despite howls of outrage from nationalist circles, Ottawa and the Canadian banking system had little choice but to open the doors to foreigners. Increasingly in recent years, Canadian banks have been expanding their operations in the United States and other countries—a development that usually generated demands for an equal crack at the Canadian market.

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Quebec: a report on the state of a nation

In the wake of Ottawa's ruling in the air traffic dispute, the uneasy coexistence with the rest of Canada has grown markedly uneasier, and the option for self-determination increasingly attractive.

By Mark Nichols

You know how it is in Quebec: the drink-happy young men while thoughtfully surveying the late-afternoon crowds that harnessed past the sidewalk café. Montreal's Peel Street: "You feel euphoric for a while, then suddenly —" he pressed to me. "You're sobered up."

Clearly, that moment was the epitome of Montreal's vibrantly successful Summer Olympics was the season for a decidedly boozier phase in the melancholia of the Quebec province. Every day, champagne the cabloches, the early morning stunts were planned with camp posing in front of the city's most famous landmarks. When the stars arrived, not a set the games but to use the world around them as they. And everywhere, Montreal's special class was more than usually in evidence: the girl-entitled they told stories of style and inter-stimulus of the city's culture. It was a time of a new kind of celebration, a time to celebrate the belief system of youth here in life.

Yet the Olympic glow and the accompanying happy clamor served only briefly to distract attention from serious social and economic problems plaguing Quebec. For one thing, there was widespread anger over the government's decision to postpone a promised disarmament with Premier Robert Bourassa's Liberal government over its seeming lack of direction and its apparent inability to cope with Quebec's rampant unemployment problem. In June and March had to be ordered back to work in recent months after bringing political chaos to schools and hospitals. At the same time, linguistic riots grounded from inside Québécois universities and led to the graduation of students.

The province's economy was also seriously suffering now as it came to rely less on the use of French by air traffic controllers at Québec airports and by Transports Air Canada crews on the air, and the thousands of jobs in the industry lost when Qair closed parts of the industry last month. Québec



Bourassa's handling of the teachers' strike was just one more source of public disenchantment.

soft (cheerful and disengaged) — a demeanor that may not be fully understood in the rest of Canada. Warmth, *chaleur*, Chiquet says, is a former colony master under Bouchara. "If French-speaking people can't gain satisfaction in the use of their own language in their own province, it could be very serious for the future of this country."

In francophone Quebec, says a Liberal member of the National Assembly, the separatist discourse has "totaled all purposes, all people. There is no question that it has overwhelmed the head of economists in Quebec"—meaning, mostly that of René Lévesque's *ministère*, Parti Québécois.

On another level, the Brazilian government's Bill 22—the law intended to promote a watershed of French-Quebec—has spawned its own set of tensions. What francophone nationalists regard the law as hopelessly inadequate, many of Quebec's 1.2 million anglophones—whose once dominant role in Quebec society has endured a steady erosion over the past decade—are experiencing a growing sense of isolation, fear and anger. And the report that Quebec anglophones in the past have at first automatically given the provincial Liberals a free watering away. "People are mad," says John Gannon, an anglo-



The nation's future, warns Choquette, hangs on full access of Quebecers to the French language.

young member of the National Assembly

Despite the intense mood, there was a possibility that Roussin, whose government was re-elected by a massive majority only three years ago, just might be tempted to try to capitalise on burgeoning Olympic euphoria by calling a snap election. A ready-made cliché came close to emerging as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau once attempted to bring the British North American Air home from the 1968 Summer Olympics, only to be rebuffed by the international community for preservation of the French flag in Quebec — *l'insouciance à Québec's last word*, says Roussin, "so heroic gesture. There won't be many more like that."

Enter the next Question generated:

While most agreed unlikely, there was no denying that the Liberts are in trouble. On the plus side, the government can point to a period of respectable economic growth and the private—though part of the inevitable Olympic hangover will include paying off a large chunk of the estimated \$900 million games' deficit. As well, the Liberts have chalked up solid accomplishments in social affairs, justice and cost low medication that demystify a highly



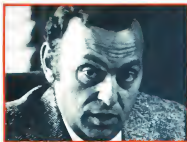
The language-of-flight decision may have been a final indignity, and a godsend to Lévesque's PQ

successful small claims court system, expanded legal aid and a badly needed landlord and tenants act. Against that, Rouman's Liberals have been buffeted by an almost uninterrupted succession of scandals which have been deftly exploited by the hard-working opposition, ranging from suggestions that government officials sold civil service jobs for hard cash to allegations recently of election fraud and kickbacks to the Liberals from provincial lottery operators.

On the other hand, the Liberals have insisted by following a trend that some observers find worryingly evident across much of the Quebec political spectrum—strong shifts to the right. At last spring's Liberal party convention, delegates voted several progressive policy proposals but missed enthusiasm over the prospect of enjoining public sector strikes, a proposed *Bourgeois* is mulling over. As further evidence of Quebec City's authoritarian mood, a draft bill currently before legislative committee would broaden the provincial crime commission's power of search and seizure to probe "terrorism and subversion."

Furthermore, says night, potential co-movements involving these spinous groups finally produced a tentative agreement to meet next month for the formation of a rights-of-creation "Third Force" aimed at capturing the allegiance of Quebecers who support neither the Liberals nor the PCs. The union, if it comes off, would link the Union Nationale, all but moribund since it was hurled from office by the 1970 Liberal coup, with Rodolphe Chénier's fledgling Parti National Populaire. The UN has been trying to reinvigorate its rusty electoral machinery under Rodolphe's

*Current standing in the 11th and National Assembly
Luisa M. Pardo Quispe and Juan Natividad
Cabrera / *Indomineo* 1



The Liberals could always count on Anglo support, but not anymore. People, Ciaccia says, are mad

ness, a handsome but politically unknown senior pipe-smoker-turned-Quebecer whose not-included in some of the established, curiously biased provincial Christian and more than likely emerge as leader of the new groupings. But joined and possibly uncorrupted Quebecers shared over the spreading of Mount Carmel's ideas in Quebec and across a deeply felt need for a return to the province's indigenous values—"authentic responsibility" based in the common good.

In its new fashion, the Parti Québécois has responded to the prevailing political winds—not to the demands of its own strategy requirements—but a gradual rightward shift which has brought it close to the province's political centre. Twice, in the elections of 1970 and 1973, the party has been the victim of a polarization that seemed to pit the forces of modernization and good sense—the Liberals—against a pack of wild-eyed separatist radicals. To prevent that happening again, the most important act of image change the PQ has pledged—against the wishes of some protesters—is a separatist government would submit the question of independence to a referendum before attempting to lead Quebec out of Confederation.

If Quebec today is more strongly in a conservative frame of mind than it may be an only natural reaction to the head-on push of change that has characterized the past decade and a half. Back in the 1960s a Quebec nationalist could not tell someone



Once the Roman Catholic Church was the centre of Quebec life. Now it's become virtually irrelevant

was shaken off to the point that today only an estimated 30% of Quebecers are practicing Catholics and an almost wholly secular and materially ambitious society explosively emerged.

Nevertheless, the timely sense of liberation brought a rapidly deteriorating and politically weakened society calamitously into collapse with itself and with the rest of the country. It forgot its own pride in the French language, new forms of nationalism—and separatism—and led Quebec into the crucible of October 1970 and the assassination of Pierre Laporte at the hands of the *Front de libération du Québec*. A network of junior colleges created by the stroke of a pen in 1967, plunged society into advanced forms of education that disapproving elders seemed only a step short of insanity. For organized labor, the newfound freedom led to ever increasing demands for parity with the rest of North America, to the four-month-long 1972 general strike that finally challenged the authority of the Boucasse government—and to labor strife that has continued ever since. "It has all been," reflects Roger Lemelin, chairman of *La Presse* family and now president and publisher of Montreal newspaper *La Presse*, "one hell of a parade."

One result of the turmoil has been the emergence of a Quebec society as whole, the French Part is increasingly predominant—to the consternation of many members of the anglophone minority. Traditionally better educated, and financially better off, Quebec's English-speaking community long regarded itself—even if no one would ever dare admit it—as the province's ruling class. Now in the steadily losing of Westernism and so the provincial, verdant spirit of Pierre-Clément, anglophones in recent years have seen

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Quebec City steadily angers as authority on once virtually autonomous anglophone institutions—schools, hospitals, municipal governments—and have seen French increasingly become the language of business and government. For some anglophones, the change taking place hints about them a grim inevitability that compares to apocalyptic and somewhat disordered vision of the future. "We have a beautiful map of Quebec," confides a Premier's resident. "It shows all the English-speaking minorities in Quebec colored in black. The day that Quebec separates from Canada, those elements will secede from Quebec." More level-headed anglophones, on the other hand, acknowledge that the French language is essential to progress in Quebec, though they abhor the methods being used to bring that about.

At the moment, some 82% of Quebec's hospitals are able to work in two languages. Now the *Arche de la Langue Française*, established by Quebec City to



The Union Nationale has been all but counted out and Bron's reactivation attempt is a long shot

implement Bill 22's provisions, want French to become the language of work at management levels and on boards—where English still predominates. Firms that comply will earn certification of "biculturalism," firms without certification will be ineligible for government contracts—and, presumably, will encounter a degree of opposition on the part of the Quebecois public. So far, officials note, U.S.-controlled multinational firms operating in Quebec have shown a general willingness to cooperate, but have companies controlled by Anglo-Canadian interests. What most alarms anglophones, though, are Bill 22's educational provisions, under which the growth of the English school system can be controlled, and the children of non-



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anglophone immigrants are required to attend French-language schools unless they can pass tests proving that they already have proficiency in English. Serge Gauthier, a Liberal MP who formerly opposed Bill 17, "Examining Bill 17—Chrest"

What anglophones are experiencing, says John Charest, who represents the largely English-speaking riding of Mount Royal, "is the feeling of waking up in the morning and realizing that you no longer have political choice—that you are no longer listened to by the government." Anglophones argue that many of Bill 17's provisions are unnecessary, since the mid-1960s, most and more of them have been hurrying off to French classes and doing their best to function in French, though they often find it heavy going with bilingual francophones for whom it is easier to speak English. Perhaps what hurts most is Quebec City's authoritarian manner, which tends to give anglophones the feeling that they are being shooed around. Says a Liberal MP who is deeply disturbed over Quebec's clamp-down legislation, "The Premier is surrounded by a tight group of advisers. The 100 seats [won in 1970] went to their heads. The government will not accept the issue of what is right and sensible in the long term. Everything is a short-term political decision, often misguided."

"The problem is accessibility, however, but the atmosphere he creates," says Jim Rabb, the anglophone vice-president of the Quebec Liberal Party, who has taken freely to criticizing the government. "It is essentially a government of senior politicians and technocrats making poor political choices." Now the Liberals hope to build



Ten years of FLQ, student radicals and militant trade unionists. For Lemelin, a 'hell of a picnic'

bridges back to the anglophone community by encouraging more of its members to get involved in the Quebec civil service and government—areas Quebec's anglophone have, by and large, traditionally ignored. It may be too late. Many anglophones—where is the missing in sight Montreal ad-

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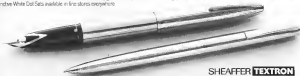




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ings and cause public electoral balance in a ward of 20 across the province—are considering switching to the top, though they might back off if Martin Chouinard emerged as leader of the premier party. Though he claims to have recanted, Chouinard quit the Liberal cabinet last year because he wanted Bill 21's educational provisions made even more stringent.

If Quebec's anglophones are alarmed that "francophonie" is being forced upon them, there is, on the French side of the language divide, little feeling that there has been any great leap forward in making French the universal language of Quebec. "The francophones are the same as ever," says a francophone Montreal businessman who still finds that he has to know which order to go in if he wants to conduct his transactions in French in a downtown bank. "Nothing ever changes," says Alice

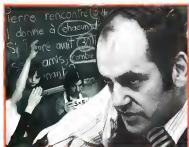


From stately Anglo Westmount once came Quebec's ruling class—acknowledged, if never admitted

Pelletier, an energetic 47-year-old Montreal editor who is a fervent pelouse. Her ancestral beliefs have material roots going back to childhood in the all-Canadian-ideology town of Arvida, Que. Every July 1, she recalls, the Aluminum Co. of Canada would sponsor parties for children—orderly and strictly in English. She would dutifully trot off with the lines that her father had written down for her in English. "My mom is Alice Pelletier. I wish to compete in..." As recently as 1972, says Alice Pelletier, she experienced a rather sense of burnout when she was to work for Canadian National in Montreal. Finally bilingual, she was hired as a stenographer but put to work as a translator at the same pay. What she perceived as a letter to the vice-president of cnc, she was witnessed before a supervisor who spoke no French.



It's dry inside.



If an immigrant child wants to attend an English school he must, to Springate's fury, pass a test

She refused to speak English until the bilingual supervisor offered to visit in English. For bilingual French-Canadian is tantamount for them. "It's so silly," says Mme. Pelletier. "But that's the way it's been all my life."

In the view of the Parti Québécois, only independent status for Quebec would ensure the end of this kind of incident. "The way it's called separation, which is not," says Marcel Lévesque, the party's chief whip in the National Assembly and member for Lafontaine riding, a working-class district that spans under the Gulf Stream an ocean generated by Montreal's oil-and-oil refineries. "The real reason for the existence of the riot that we see is only one government can represent the Quebec nation—the government in Quebec City—and it must have full power to deal with cultural, social and economic affairs." An independent Quebec would seek Common Market arrangements with Canada. "But we would hardly be able to stop the squabbling between Ottawa and Quebec City, the waste of time and energy that goes into jurisdictional arguments."

The dispute over the use of French in the air, says Lévesque, has only served to show that "we are a broken-a-bell and that—[for English-Canada, as they are for us]—How close is the rope to taking power? This close, says Lévesque. "The Liberal is in Quebec City used to patronize the rope members. Now when the rope takes of its pines, they say 'Wait till you're in government, you'll find out how it is to run Quebec.'"

Despite that, Quebec politicians of federalist persuasion believe, or hope, that Lévesque's separatism has already peaked in popularity—"he is dead," declares a Bellevue aide. Fully—and that its

base support will not grow beyond the 20% to 30% of educated professionals. Quebecers who historically have always been conservatives. For the rope, which lost 30 seats by fewer than 1,000 votes in 1975, the crucial question is whether sound seats at referendum pleads: it can win over the waverers who like the rope but fear the wrenching upheaval that separation from Canada would inevitably entail. In the wake of the air controllers' dispute says a 25-year-old secretary who used to visit Liberal. "I feel for the first time that rope



To their credit, Anglo-Quebeckers have done the best they could to learn, and function in, French

liberty is threatened. Now I'm going to think long and hard about voting rope." Among other Quebecers drawn to the rope cause, there is the nagging fear of the economic consequences of separation. "I would vote rope," says a middle-aged francophone clerk, "but, unfortunately, I'm scared. I don't want to be like a Cuban working on the sugar fields."

Quebec's Liberals are making their future on a strategy that over the past decade or so has become an almost ritualistic rite for Quebec governments—that of taking a comparatively nationalist stance in the hope of keeping the separatists at bay. Yet there was pressure as well as political calculation behind Quebec's demand for constitutional guarantees to ensure preservation of the French Fact in Quebec. Ottawa's decision to support at least temporary limits on the use of French at Quebec airports says François Clément, Quebec's Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs, "has affected Quebecism to a tremendous extent. Quebec is a French Canadian."

Continues Clément, his voice shaking with emotion, "I feel in me every of its members. But will you see what happens?"

Similarly, Robert Bourassa. Each Ottawa's actions over the air controllers issue undeniable. "It is impossible to admit that someone in Quebec can't speak French—for whatever reason," French-Canadian have their pride. "I am not," says Bourassa. "In politics for the sake of nationalistic achievement. But I am a man responsible for the future of a French-speaking people in North America. A generation ago, they were protected by a closed society. Now they are exposed in the open, to the currents of the world. When a people makes up its mind to be the population of a continent, it is only by fighting that you stay alive."



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The last angry man

In the beginning they were five, including Professor Trudeau. Now there is one, René Lévesque, preparing for that one final battle

René Lévesque arrives at a Montreal restaurant only 15 minutes late, apologizing profusely. The man who kept silent in many and political audiences waiting for hours in the Sixties, the nervous and hard-bitten Lévesque of those years, seems to have eased up, slowed down and filled out a little. He's 54 years old now, and the youngest of his three children, his only daughter, is a rebellious 20-year-old, almost as restless as her father was at that age. As he talks about her, he shakes his head with the bewilderment of all parents buffeted by the rash of their children into adulthood. Lévesque's children belong to a generation of French Canadians whose political conservatism confounds their fathers. For them, René Lévesque is an ancient warrior marching about dogmatic battle. The opinion polls show that most of them will vote for his party but only as a matter of course, without any sense of rebellion. Only outside Québec does Lévesque still appear to be a revolutionary. Only in English Canada can he regain some of the excitement of the "quiet revolution" that shook Québec in the Sixties.

For young French Canadians, Lévesque is a figure from an ancient epoch. They are growing up in a Québec that is, for better or worse, more separate from Canada than anyone would have believed possible in 1960. This has been the real "quiet revolution." More than their own views, French Canadians of Québec are on their own today, as free as any of us are to decide their own future and to live with the consequences of their choices. Lévesque has commanded aporonymy in this, as a politician, as a reformer, and as a leader who gave political form to the vague desire about independence that unspooled Québec in the Sixties. Now the concluding chapter is being written, perhaps with a surprise ending that no one could have imagined when it started. Perhaps René Lévesque will be seen finally, by all Canadians, as a man who showed them how to live together.

May 16, 1982, was a warm, military evening. Gérard Pelletier stood for a few moments on the back porch, savoring the sense of relief that accompanies northern people for their hard winters. But it was too brief. The mastery of the late Clau-

dio spring already seemed to be dissolving into the long, overcast nights of a Montreal summer. Light-blue smoggy vapors, he walked back through the kitchen to enjoy the first meal served around the remains of a life-supper in a dining room. René Lévesque was still sitting. In the overhead light of the dining room, the dark lines and yellow patches inside him look much older than his 54 years. But he talked with the enthusiasm of a university student: not the determination that one might have expected from a senior member of the Québec cabinet. And he talked and talked.

Only Pierre Trudeau, the wealthy law professor from the university of Montreal, was adept at locating the vulnerability open in that seemingly impenetrable flow. Indeed there had been some doubt, the previous autumn, that the Friday night meetings of the group would continue at all after Trudeau had goaded Lévesque almost to physical violence during an argument about the Québec government's plan to borrow \$300 million to nationalize the province's hydroelectric companies. As Québec's Minister of Natural Resources Lévesque was the hero of nationalization, even to Premier Jean Lesage, the central figure in the Québec election of November, 1962. Nationalism had provided the substance of the Liberal government's campaign slogan, "Mieux vivre chez nous" (Better in Our Own House). Before the campaign, Lévesque had used Trudeau and the others in the group, including labor leader Jean Marchand and newspaper editor Philémon and André Laurendeau in total. And they shared an unorthodox, even a heretical, approach to politics. It wasn't always necessary for them to mess the life out of a political decision. Marchand and Lévesque were the most vocal members of the Friday night group. Often Pelletier, seen to become editor of Montreal's *Le Presse*, the largest French-language daily in North America, was adept at setting no problems before the others and passing the decisions from ranging too far ahead. The most devoted participant was Trudeau. Other members of the group sometimes wondered if he was even following their conversation. Then the Mac-

Donald Lévesque, the son of a country lawyer and a dropout from law school, had fought for his reputation in the competitive world of journalism, and then in 1960, staked everything on a political career.

Long before last winter May night in 1982, at the conservative corner of the group around Pelletier's dining-room table, the early morning hours, relations among the five men had moved certain points. Their responses to one another had become predictable. And perhaps there was a tension among them that evening that the group already had served its purpose. From Lévesque's point of view, André Laurendeau was the most valuable member. It had been a great advantage during the fight for nationalization on the cabinet and for hearings to have had regular access to the editor of the influential *Le Devoir*. Laurendeau was also beginning to be recognized across Canada in the early Sixties as a brilliant analyst of Québec politics. He was in the process of developing a concept of a bilingual and bicultural Canadian nationalism that was to become one of the dominant themes of the national debate about Canadian federalism as the decade progressed. The tall, dark-haired, quietest Quebecer, who was to die only five years later in the middle of the week as co-chairman of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, had been a critic to whom Lévesque would listen.

By then, however, Jean Marchand was closest to Lévesque. Both men had spent part of their early years in Québec City, where local society is older, more traditional and more conservative than in Montreal. And they shared an unorthodox, even a heretical, approach to politics. It wasn't always necessary for them to mess the life out of a political decision. Marchand and Lévesque were the most vocal members of the Friday night group. Often Pelletier, seen to become editor of Montreal's *Le Presse*, the largest French-language daily in North America, was adept at setting no problems before the others and passing the decisions from ranging too far ahead. The most devoted participant was Trudeau. Other members of the group sometimes wondered if he was even following their conversation. Then the Mac-

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Lévesque: La guerre est (almost) finie

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eyes, where the high shoulders would light up, and the professor would casually slide a barbed-wire sign at Lévesque, questioning him in full flight and bringing him down to earth in a temper. Lévesque respected Trudeau's intelligence and the breadth of his information, but his use of knowing all and imparting little was irritating to the hard-headed cabinet member who was being forced to make decisions on the run, and who looked in the group for some indication of public opinion. On that spring night in 1963, the former Prime Minister of Canada was the least important member of the group as far as Lévesque was concerned.

By the end of the 1960s, the final meaning of René Lévesque's political career, and the argument more that has one-sided with it, will be much clearer than it is now. Lévesque has said that the next Quebec election is crucial, that he'll "hang up his skis" as leader of the party if it fails to make substantial progress and if he fails to win his own riding. Lévesque is noted for dramatic, even more pronounced, about elections, but this time the ultimatum isn't only his. It's decided that the party would tolerate another defeat. It came closer than ever before to dumping him after the 1973 election. As Lévesque went into one of his deepest post-election slumps, opposition to his leadership no longer reflected the party's situation or even in the Assembly. Lévesque publicly challenged his critics to take the job away from him, if they could, and at a closed meeting of the party hierarchy at the end of September, 1974, he brought his critics to heel. Since then, his leadership of the party has been secure, with the left wing hiding its face until after the next election. The crisis that Antiquity right from left in the Parti Québécois air, roughly whether or not achieve independence is under pressure after a 1975 victory, the role of labor unions in Québec and Lévesque's leadership. "I've always admired Lévesque," said one member of the left wing. "He's a little French Canadian, not elegant, and he's shown them what a little guy can do. But he's an authority as a moral leader of Québec a much less than it used to be. He's not sought out and gained the way he used to be."

The crisis claims that their case has been strengthened by the evidence of recent public opinion polls. This spring, a survey by the Centre de recherche sur l'opinion publique, one of the two leading opinion sampling firms in Québec, showed that 18.7% of the respondents chose Premier Bourassa as the leader they wanted to see leading Québec, while 33.7% chose Lévesque, the first time that Lévesque out-ranked Bourassa in this type of poll (the two had been tied in 1975 the previous October). But the poll (and it is then then apparently that his critics take hope) showed that Lévesque had dropped slightly in public esteem and that he was raising

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more than six percentage points behind in party "It's any kind of normal political organization with a bit of objectivity," said one of his critics, "you'd look at these figures and say, Jesus, we've got a problem that that's where the absolute high point of support of the PQ comes. You can take against Lévesque, but not too easily."

But despite evidence of some dissatisfaction in his own party and among the press and public, opinion polls also show that the Parti Québécois has steadily progressed under Lévesque's leadership. In November, 1974, a poll for *La Presse* by *Fininvest* *Quintés d'Opinion* *Publique* showed that 25% of the respondents were

in favor of separatism, almost twice the percentage shown by most polls in the States. And the *Mir*, a Gallup poll in Quebec showed that 30% of the respondents favored the Parti Québécois compared with 23% in favor of the Liberals. This was the first time that an important poll gave the PQ an edge over the government—perhaps enough of an edge to defeat the government if an election had been held at that time. Disatisfaction with the Bourassa government appeared to be the major factor in the rising popularity of the Parti Québécois. More than two thirds of the respondents said that they were dissatisfied with the government. Half the respondents

who had voted Liberal in 1971 said that they no longer supported the party, and a larger proportion of them were going over to the Parti Québécois.

The government of Premier Robert Bourassa seemed to be going the way of all governments with overwhelming lower parliamentary majorities. Indeed, by this spring two trends were apparent: if looked at the Bourassa government was well on the way to defeating itself, and the possibility of a referendum was having a sobering effect on the Parti Québécois. In November, 1974, the PQ convention dealt with the referendum issue, deciding finally that a referendum on independence would be an essential step between the election of a Parti Québécois government and a declaration of Quebec independence. The editor of the *Gazette*, Tim Chubb, reported that the resolution was drafted through the convention by a "Lévesque machine" that operated with the efficiency of a pop-gun.

The referendum plank, a undoubtedly a popular one for the Parti Québécois—the latest 1974 poll that showed 25% of its respondents in favor of separation also indicated that 37% thought that a referendum should precede a declaration of independence by a Parti Québécois government, and 55% said that more than four years should elapse between the election of a PQ government and a referendum. Within the left wing of the party, opposition to the referendum is still strong. "First, Lévesque says it's going to take six months to organize a referendum," said one of his critics. "Then, a few weeks later, he says, 'What's a year in the life of a nation?' Then, a few weeks later, it's 'Well, two or three years is a normal period for setting up.' And now you're up to four or five years, and it's going to take two elections. The seriousness now is not about the principle of a referendum but about how many people in the party just want to get into office, period? We don't want government for the sake of government." Lévesque himself has wanted Quebecers against jumping to the conclusion that "separatism is dead," as the Prime Minister stated in the spring. It is a rather curious story shortly before Trudeau's statement, Lévesque said that anyone who thinks that his party will give up independence as its ultimate objective is "disoriented."

But despite Lévesque's adherence to independence, the question of referendum has confined the electoral picture in Quebec. "Should the PQ ever be brought to power with a majority," said a respected Montreal journalist. "You can bet they wouldn't be open to the idea of governing without offering separation. The referendum hasn't attracted people to the party who would not otherwise be attracted, but it might attract people at election time. There's a real possibility that the PQ would get a lot of non-separatist votes, and some of these voters might be persuaded to join the party after the election." A journalist at the Quebec Press Gallery went even far-

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where when he specialized that "the Parti Québécois could end up with 35 members after the next election, and many of them may not be separatists at all."

In the volatile political atmosphere of Quebec today two constants trigger speculation about the future of the Parti Québécois: the concentration of the majority of Quebec voters, and the inoperative portion of the Liberal machine. And yet, many people are looking anxiously at the possibility of political change. Thomas Enders, the new and somewhat unconventional U.S. ambassador in Ottawa, infrequently in Quebec City for long conversations with Claude Morin (a PQ candidate in the next provincial election) and Jacques-Yvan Morin (a PQ MPP leader), discovering in the latter someone he can converse with about student days at Harvard. In the Parliamentary Restaurant in Ottawa one rainy day, an Ontario member of the Trudeau cabinet thoughtfully shows over the possibility of an electoral victory for the Quebec separatists. "It wouldn't be the end of the world," he says solemnly. "We've had this Second of Democracy (a newspaper headline 1960). A victory for Lévesque might be the catalyst we all need. There we could sit down and have a real conversation with Quebec."

Lévesque has been in politics for 16 years. His political career began five years before those of Pierre Trudeau, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier. Marchand and Pelletier have now given all they have to give, and Trudeau seems to have reached his peak. But although Lévesque is older in political life than Trudeau, in Lévesque who now seems to control the pace of new political life, and who is as young as Trudeau who completes the work he, Trudeau, Marchand, Pelletier and Lévesque started. The class of 1960 Lévesque representing the future of Canada with Pierre Trudeau is too far in the future to be anything but wildly speculative—but here perhaps that glimpse of it shows that even in the past, the two men may hardly agree one another, remembering neither the early 1960s when they agreed right after night about the future of Quebec. Lévesque the dynamic politician, using the benefit of his own campaigning, Trudeau the slow intellectual still unaccompanied by concrete about political action. Now the Prime Minister has become the most calculating of politicians, wary and non-partisan. It is Lévesque who explores the frontiers of new political movements. But look a bit deeper. In the present tense of the two men, you can glimpse the social reformer who still struggles within the Prime Minister, and the grounded political reformer who guides Lévesque from within.

This article is excerpted from RENE A. Canadian Search Of A Country, by Peter Desbarats, being published in October by McClelland and Stewart.

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Waiting for Nessie

The best laid plans of science and the New York Times, like those of mice and men, can also gang aft agley **By Michael Enright**

Many a man has been hanged on less evidence than there is for the Loch Ness Monster. G.K. Chesterton

The men from the British Royal Coastguard were clearly not too happy. It was 5 a.m. in the morning, and they were not going right. They had tracked their Thresher boat—hull-on up from England to Loch Ness in the Scottish Highlands to do their bit for British Bacon, but the wind wasn't right. Or there was too much mist on the loch. Or too much of a chop on the water. "Right," said Alan Dorman, a pilot for British Airways. "Let's go to intermediate." Things were worse there. The midgets were particularly bad. Midgets are gassy little Scottish boats that eat your face. So they left intermediate and drove back up the loch to Urquhart Castle, where the men had burned off the mist. "Right," said Alan Dorman, "let's set up base." Mr. MacTavish from the sea smiled helpfully as if he had seen everything at least once and set up his camera. The genial Australian bartender named Mike Vaughan helped the British Bacon men lug their equipment down a hill to a point near the castle ruins. Then takeoff spot was 20 feet from a dead sheep and the water was wrong. Their plan was simple: they would inflate their balloons with 77,000 cubic feet of hot air and float over Loch Ness dragging a big of Ayrshire bacon through the water. This would bait the creature who would lunge for the bacon and become visible to the two men riding in the basket. It would also sell British Bacon.

The balloons were stretched out on the ground and the basket was filled with the propane gas cylinders used to keep it aloft. "Right," said Alan Dorman. "I'm starting to burn." Now? "He turned a nozzle on the burner and a jet of flame began to test the air in the balloons and before it, crowds along the castle walls approached politely. Up on the road traffic began to pile up. Frank Barnes, a mathematician by trade, climbed into the basket with Dorman. "Where we got the bacon?" Dorman asked. Barnes smiled and Dorman said, "Right, suppose we?" The volunteer who had been occupying the basket moved back and a kid gently off the ground. The balloon rose to about 100 feet and the wind shifted it directly away from Loch Ness. It disappeared over the hill and 15 minutes later came down at a nearby trailer camp. "What absolute rubbish," said Mrs. Winifred Cary as she pointed across the kitchen of her house on the Urquhart

Castle road. "What bloody nonsense," she said. She had not even bothered to watch the British Bacon balloon from her kitchen window. She and her husband, Basil, a retired navy wing commander, have lived in Drumadrecht since 1951. Mrs. Cary, 70, finds it as recalled by her friends, as if she talks rapidly in a high-braking voice like an absolute, warmly engaging and delightfully talking matter about the likelihood the loch and, of course, the creature.

Her father was a barman at Edinburgh and she fairly said to come to Drumadrecht for their summer holidays. In 1917 when Mrs. Cary was 11, she and her brother Douglas were out on Loch Ness in a row boat. It was around noon and my brother and I were fishing. Suddenly there was this colossal great thing in the water, oh it must have been 50 or 60 feet long. I said to my brother, 'I don't like the look of that,' and we made for shore. When I told



Bad days at Fingie Pier: If Hester looks at it, he looked well outside the range of the solar sun. Miss and Elgeron are reading (above) and the women (below).



Unless photographs lie (and some people believe Frank Barnes's dot) that the Loch Ness Monster is revealed to all — or most of — its glory (opposite page)



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A few years ago, some local people put a raft out on the loch carrying some ham, kelp, some kerring and a trout to see if they could lure the creature to the surface. The next morning the find was gone but there was a mark on the raft. "This has to be bloody well Stened, The Monster."

Loch Ness runs 23 miles south from Inverness through the mountains of the Great Glen of Scotland to the village of Fort Augustus in the Scottish Highlands. The Loch is named after Prince Charles, and the Jacobite Uprising of 1715 and 1745. Until the early part of the century, the boats and cottages along the shore were pretty much made of stone. The boats were usually ornate and of antique quality, almost as if even in high summer, when tourists flock to the area around a money-rivory of mass tourism, the boats were to be seen as a part of the scenery. But they also meant for the Mountain To the world-avoiding Loch Ness is a scarce place populated by a few who are not interested in the whisky and cocaine whisper about the beaches and kelpies and Good-knowledge. It's an unfair characterisation. The people of the Loch are who are serious about the Loch. They are serious about the whisky and the cocaine. They have no time to converse anyone or to put forward scientific reasoning to explain what they have seen. They leave the

The largest fresh water lake by volume in the United Kingdom, the loch is small. The shoreline drops steeply from the light and sunlit end at some points the loch is over 100 feet deep. The water is dark, almost black with particles of peat suspended throughout it. It is a mean temperature of 43 degrees Fahrenheit. It is a goodly piece of water, dead calm in the morning, open

water as bubbles at its margin. The glass is seen to waver in such that when the bubbles descend the length of the coil. The water can go from the far column to a high column a matter of inches and then settle itself again. The water column in have a way of changing color. Light breezes at dark places of water in the middle which contrast with the shallower depths near the shore. The water can hold the boat wicks of a boat for a long time after the boat has passed. You cannot see a ripple or a swell rise of water that looks like the fading movement of a soap wash, with no bottom mark. This is the expression, beautiful, refreshing body of water that seems to give up in secret.

In 1959, a British film company came to Ingham Castle for location shots up on the moors. The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes. Part of the script called for an expansive, fire-breathing wide-eyed monster. A prop man asked a local farmer what he thought of the name monster. "Ah well, you see, it is nothing as we're too high in the water to be a true monster." The scene more or less

On April 16, 1933, Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay drove from Lawrence to their home in Wynnewood Heights along A62, a new road on the north side of the loch. At Abert



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honor, Mrs. Mackay suddenly said to her husband, "Look, John, what's that out there?" She pointed to the middle of Loch Ness where something large was churning up the water. Mackay stopped his car and the two of them watched "the creature" rise and fall, rolling and pivoting on Loch Ness. The string of newspaper sightings goes back hundreds of years, but the Mackay report was the first of the modern era. Other incidents of sightings around Loch Ness started to report they had seen something in the water. Usually the sightings were in the morning before nine-thirty and when the lock was calm. In all of the reports there are similar characteristics. Usually people reported seeing a large hump, appear above the surface surrounded by a ruffled wave in the water. The size of the hump ranged from five to 30 feet. Sometimes more than one hump was seen.

In April, 1934, a London surgeon, Colonel R. H. Wilson, snapped two photographs of a long-necked animal swimming in the loch. One picture clearly shows an animal with a long, curved neck, and a small shepherds head moving in rippled water. This "Shepherd's Photograph" caused a sensation in the British press, and the whole ethos of "Nessie" was born. There was no doubt about Wilson's sincerity. He never claimed to have photographed the monster, only that he had taken a picture of something moving in Loch Ness. His pictures were widely copied and were found to be genuine on technical reproductions. In 1937, one of the years was sent to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, for "cosmic-ray enhancement," a process developed during the Apollo moon landings that removes surface graininess from photographs. The tests indicated again that the pictures were genuine.

These months after the colored took his picture, the first serious investigation into the Loch Ness mystery was headed up by Sir Edward Macdonald, a wealthy businessman. A number of "monster watchers" were hired at two pounds a week and given Kodak box cameras in case they saw the creature. For five weeks the monster watchers watched, and they reported 13 clear sightings. British science was unimpressed and newspapers scoffed at the claims of the highland mystery. One expert in aquatic life dismissed the monster theory out of hand. "The whole business is a mere fraud on a credulous public and only caused by a certain element of low curiosity."

Whatever the scientists had to say, the people of the loch were right on seeing the creature. Alex Campbell is 74 but looks 60. He is very precise in his speech and dresses each variation with an intricate detail. He lives in a cottage in Fort Augustus called Linnmore at the end of a rocky footbridge having the sign ANYONE USING THIS BRIDGE DOES SO AT HIS OWN RISK. For 47 years, Campbell has a water bucket on Loch Ness. His job was to check the supply

of salmon, drive off poachers and generally protect the terrain. He knows the loch and its secrets and here as well as any man in the area. "Mid-May of 1934 was my first sighting of the monster," he said. "I was standing down at the river mouth, near the River Oich, and I was looking for a run of trout salmon. It was night and the morning in brilliant sunshine, and the loch was like a mirror, not a breath of wind, not a boater ship in a sight. Just opposite the Banachdair Abbey headstone, without any warning whatsoever, there was this terrible spurge of water. Lord, I was absolutely struck dumb, that was the feeling. And then the head and the neck and the long, curved, humped body appeared. The head was turning and jerking every which way. It was about 250 yards away. The head looked rather small to me and rather horn-shaped. It had a long tapering neck and

the head was at least as high above water level. At my estimation, the length of the body was 30 feet. I didn't see any bumps on its head, and I couldn't see my eyes or mouth, the distance was a bit too much. Well, then it moved quite close for three minutes, I'd say. When it finally died, the spurge of water was twice as big as when it had surfaced. I would say the thing's skin was slate grey and very much like an elephant's. It was, to say the least, brilliant. All his life, prior to his sighting, Campbell had been told about something large swimming in the loch. His parents had warned him as a child never to swim in the loch or the "Ain't Ughter" would get him. The phrase a Gaelic for "water hole."

In the early part of the century, Loch Ness was the home of Alister Crowley, the occultist and self-styled "wickedest man in the world." He lived right on a hill on the east side of the loch in a place called Borestone House where he conducted orgiastic rituals and black magic. It is said that he drove several of his servants mad. He left the area in 1918, and Borestone House is now owned by Kemp Page, a guitarist with the rock group, Led Zeppelin.

If the possibility of a prehistoric creature in the depths of Loch Ness was taken as a summer sight story by the press and is a fraud by the scientific establishment, it was not long before a group of enthusiastic amateurs. Too many different people in too many different places around the loch had seen something. And they were people seemingly from a wide variety of backgrounds. They were policemen, priests, nurses, lawyers, retired sailors, doctors and farmers. In October, 1950, 27 passengers on a bus saw a dark hump on the water that measured, they say, upward of 23 feet. Each passenger gave a photograph and "Nessie hunters" swooped around the loch and inlets of the loch carrying cameras and telescopes. In 1963, some prominent scientists say as the Loch Ness In-



Nessie culture: If you've got it, flaunt it



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their location, saying generally that the picture contained "traffic-like" detail to make any identification. What the pictures did do, however, was further excite Dr. Rosen and his fellow explorers. They made plans to return to Loch Ness, ideally if necessary, with more sophisticated and expensive gear.

He was standing there, by the loch, as he always does, as smart as the weather. He had his camera around his neck, they often mentioned on a large tripod. Dangling from the tripod was a pair of binoculars. He rarely took his eyes off the water, staring occasionally to watch the next carload of tourists drive up. On his sweater was a button that said "JAMES HOGG FANCLAY."

The whole area of Loch Ness, by its very nature, attracts a procession of characters to its shores. One of the odder and more controversial is a former British paratrooper in his late forties named Frank Scarle. In 1969, Scarle came north from England and set up a tent beside Loch Ness near the village of Foyers. By his own account he has spent 23,000 hours looking in the water, from early morning to late at night in all kinds of weather. He never goes anywhere without a camera; he never takes a vacation or leaves the loch for any reason. Scarle is a short man but powerfully built with curly, ironed curls. He has a rained face and a military black moustache. When he talks it is with the conviction of a man sure of himself to the point of fanaticism. For the past three or four years, he has been making a series of pictures of "general" sightings. He says, "They show a creature in various positions all over Loch Ness. But the authenticity of his pictures has been challenged, particularly by Nicholas Witchell, a brilliant young, graduate student of *The Loch Ness Story*, probably the best compilation of information on the subject. Witchell, who used to be Scarle's friend, has come to the conclusion that this lovely, confident man, doesn't take photographs. So he stole by the water, 'Look, what I want, what I'm here for, is a good close picture of the creature from say 25 yards that will prove once and for all that there is an animal in these waters. And you can only get scientific results by using the right sort of film.' Scarle is convinced that the only real proof of the creature's existence will come with video photography. "All that underwater photography stuff at Foyers is absolutely insane because of the price in the water. The flashes you use are with infrared lights at 90 yards. And the time and conditions and location have nothing to do with it. You can come down to any part of the loch and in 10 minutes get anything or you could sit there for 12 months and see nothing. It's pure lunacy," Scarle writes in a book and with the resolution to go up to build a permanent information centre at Foyers. At the moment he has a wooden shack covered with his pictures and a col-

lection has been contributed. The water is his life as well as his livelihood. "Look, I'll go out at dawn to smoke my liver and bacon and I'm thinking about the water all the time. I wouldn't enjoy my liver and bacon would I? Life wouldn't be worth living."

The summer expedition of 1976 was to have been the culmination of efforts by the Rosen team to prove the existence of the creature. Unfortunately, war raged high the summer and photographic equipment went as good as missing as they and the fishermen had the pragmatic corporate-



McGowan deliver him from anomalies

ship of the New York Times. It also had some important scientific interest in the person of Christopher McGowan of Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum. Dr. McGowan has been at the loch for seven years, where he is assistant curator of the department of vertebrate paleontology. A scientist with a well-established international reputation, he was going to search for bone remains of the creature. From a house a good one he would be able to throw some light on the identity of the animal.

The group arrived at Drumadocloch in early June. From the beginning things did not go well. In the first place it was a poor summer for sightings. The drought that affected England so badly reduced the level of the rivers feeding into Loch Ness and consequently the number of upstream salmon. Since the most likely sites to find an animal and Arctic char, few sightings were reported. And a lot of time was spent waiting for equipment or checking equipment or merely standing around. One of the main summer, Dr. McGowan was able to spend only four days in his search for bones. Part of this was caused by the unprofessionalism of the team's organizers. Not that McGowan has anything against amateurs. "Some of the most important things that have ever been found have been found by amateurs," he said. But Rosen sometimes lets his enthusiasm get in the way of his judgment. One day McGowan was returning by boat to the loch's headquarters at Temple Pier. A group of American Boy Scouts was being shown around the place, and while McGowan arrived he found Rosen excitedly telling the scouts about a terrific so-

car tracing that had just been made. McGowan tried to persuade Rosen and the scouts to calm down, that what they saw might be a surface report, might even have been their own boat coming out the pier. He went out on the water and came up again to prove his point. He was right and the Americans seemed to talk at being shown to be wrong. With the Taurus involved, the expedition became something of a media circus. One Drumadocloch resident who had been the creature's old-timey Canadian American television network, the New York Times, the Boston Globe, Spanish, French and Swedish television. "There was a little bit of Britain and Italy associated with it, I'm afraid," said McGowan by early August, things were going nowhere and the Rosen team went back to Boston.

While the summer was unproductive from McGowan's point of view, he is most concerned that a large, unknown aquatic animal lives in Loch Ness. "Before I came over, I was 99% sure of its existence, now after this summer, I'm 100% sure. Any attempt to identify it would be pure speculation, we simply don't know enough. The fish that it goes on beyond anything else, apart from the animals themselves, is how everybody turned their backs on it." McGowan would like to return to Loch Ness but not this time with an expedition of professionals, scientists who could even some control over the discussion of the expedition.

Dr. Rosen and his team hope to return in October, without Dr. McGowan, to poke and prod the loch and take more pictures. He seems determined to capture on film whatever is there. But then others have come to Loch Ness with the standard determination to end the mystery. It is probably one of the most studied pieces of water on earth. Many have gone under it in submarines, across it in sonar equipment, and over it in helicopters. They've used every conceivable device to find the creature or photograph it or capture it. The newspapers and television companies of the world have tramped all over the place showing microscopes at people and recording the smallest habits of microscopists from anyone who had ever seen anything in the loch. When you take away all of the media, force the typed up and old men a crozier with a face as hard as a kvadale and a smile like St. Theresa's, was talking to an outsider about these things. Like many of the people of Loch Ness he was suspicious of the press and refused to give his name. What he said was, "You see, we've all got our secrets, haven't we? Well, we don't want to give over to anyone else. The loch isn't got no secrets as well." He paused. "Only four isn't it?"

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The World

Kill a Muslim for Christ/Kill a Christian for Allah

Up in the mountains outside Beirut, a bearded Arab man nervously raised his arms to the AK-47 rifle on a group of children, the youngest aged 10, and suddenly opened fire around their feet. "More you little soldiers," he screams. The children scramble, terrified, under a barbed wire obstacle course. When the AK-47 was empty, the crowd has panic and blazed away over their heads. In less than two weeks the children's training program would be over and they would be counted as "fighters" with the right-wing Christian faction in Lebanon's bloody, 10-month civil war. They would know the rudiments of street fighting once they left their mountain training camp. Now how to handle them in that difficult situation, how to replace dynamite and hand grenades, but not much more. "Christ," said Abu, "my own basic training was nine months. What can I teach these poor bastards in two weeks. All I can do is hope they learn enough to stay alive until they get captured." But as a war that has already left 50,000 dead, staying alive isn't easy for anyone, least of all the children, whose physical and psychic destruction has been appallingly routine.

In Chikla's old Beirut, there is at

least one mosque that used to be a remnant home for Jewish Gypsies. When the war exploded the priests were shown open and the young men left to find guns. The mosque now are Muslim children, many of them so stunned by the destruction of their families they can no longer speak. They wait and watch. The priests who care for the mosque have their own daily battles—against the Christians in the district who hate the kids so much they try to deprive them of mass. Across the "Green Line" is Muslim-held West Beirut, where boys, between the ages of 10 and 13, served as a market area one morning armed with Kalashnikov rifles. For a few hours they fired at soldiers on shoppers and small vendors, causing panic. Nobody would stop them until some school-bus gunmen arrived and ordered a solution. They shot the boys. In this crazy-crazy war, when you kill a how you do it really seems important to the fighters.

The scale of war was new early in 1975 when Lebanon's right-wing Christian political parties began a campaign to restore national sovereignty, which they feared was being usurped by the sprawling, well-armed Palestinian guerrilla movement. Initially, the movement was developed by

Arabs who ended themselves after their former homeland was annexed and the new state of Israel in 1948, and by last year it enjoyed virtual autonomy within Lebanon. The Christians organized a fast, decisive battle where the more strength and the power of government forces would quickly crush the guerrillas. But the Palestinians deflected the original attacks, finding allies among Lebanon's Muslim and leftist organizations. Last January, well-armed by Syria and other Arab countries, the Palestinians and their leftist allies took the offensive. The Lebanese army crumbled and the government was reduced to chaos in the months that followed, however, Syria, because alarmed at the rapidly mounting strength of the Palestinians, took beyond its border in Lebanon. Finally, the Syrians needed, eventually linked up with Christian forces and began planning a concerted strike on the shrinking leftists-held areas to destroy the last vestiges of Palestinian power in the country.

But as Lebanon was nervously for the blow to be struck, the warren modern contraband and the mountains of guerrillas, instead broken grew. On the highway to the Chikla de Lebanon on the outskirts of the port of Jounieh there is a bridge that is a re-



A two-year-old Palestinian girl in a Red Cross hospital in Beirut: one of thousands of maimed, homeless and mute

[illegible]

But anyone searching for answers to the tragedy in the character of the Lebanese society will find a complex and painful picture. At present, at least, people on both sides of the conflict, their leaders, are extremely prone to individualism. Dany Chamma, one of the right-wing Christian leaders said in a recent interview: "I don't think that the Lebanese agree to lay down their arms, so they would have to be killed or forced out of Lebanon. I asked him what he thought they could do to end the violence. He said: "I would like them onto the sea!" he asked Nargis an international public opinion doesn't keep him awake nights. The Christians believe that in the present context of mass violence in Lebanon, the only way to end the violence is to remove the Christians from the main towns where the violence are in high as Lebanon. If the violence can crush the Palestinians in the same country where they still are, the Christians will be able to end the situation could improve dramatically. Again, this, what price the lives of children in the psychological scars of a bloody country where the war was never really ended?"

The contestants' tests for bloodthirst had not been used and the effects of the Arab League in establishing peace are painful to watch. The league's special envoy, Dr. Al-Khalil, moves among the various civil factions on the right and left, discussing situations that never end, saying to one here where he has, listening to contractors he knows are lost, issuing demands that are transparent attempts to buy more at the price of more dead civilians. At a recent news conference, Al-Khalil was asked simply "What happened today?" He said for a full two minutes, fighting back tears. Finally he left the room without a word.

The war in Lebanon may last another year or more and at this point it seems the

[illegible]

PETER HENSEWAND

THE U.S.

The whim of the people

The vast majority of the United States could be elected with the support of only 25% of the eligible voters. A fact that explains much about the campaign news coverage. Of the 130 million Americans of voting age, about 75 million will not bother to register for voting (including 14 Canadians, voters are enumerated), in the United States they must register themselves under a variety of state laws, some of which are confusing and discouraging. Another 27 million, while registered, will not bother to vote. The number involving the remaining 35 million can be won on the vote of just over half of them, just over one quarter of

the electronics. Triumph will go to the party with the lowest-spending cabin, and that is why the electron will probably wind up a road deal closer than it looks today.

On page one Democrats have all the ingredients for a sweep. Their man, Jimmy Carter, emerged from the New York convention July 15 with his grin aglow, carefully avoided steele of hair in place, and the party apparently firmly behind him. In Kansas City a month later, Gerald R. Ford, the Republican incumbent, convened a crowd from Ronald Reagan and his California cowboys, many of whom held key party positions as a result of per-conservation enlightening, and some of whom are still undying. As the Arlans departed after the convention, a returning Republican conservative man was asked if he was going home to work. "No," he sighed, "I'm going home to *work*." Chuck Reed, a leader of the Maryland contingent, stated on party Reagan and wound up, now, now-Ford, only the Washington Post

Folks used to be fan Nuts now! The Door of the Kamper Atrium, when Ford won his Kansas victory, was littered with Nuts signs. SEND FORD TO HELL (and) SEND REAGAN TO WASHINGTON and KIDNAP LOVE KRUMHOLTZ and a VOTE FOR FORD is a VOTE FOR CARTER. They are gone to garbage now, but not forgotten.

The Republican split is far from healed. What is more, the vigor of the Reagan stampede thrust upon the nervous Ford forces a platform fashioned of the finest 19th-century materials. It is to the left of Genghis Khan, too right of Barry Goldwater. It repudiates abortion, gun control, and any easing of water-regulation rules that would "cheapen the bottom." It wants no part of national health insurance, legalized abortion or busing to achieve racial balance in schools. Instead, it wants pro-

are in schools, loopholes in tax laws, and statehood for Puerto Rico. Only a last-minute battle prevented the platform committee from advocating an end to all federal aid for education, which would be supported instead by taxes on cigarettes. **Light Up For Learning**

By contrast, the Democratic platform—which comes out, vaguely, for health insurance, jobs and a more flexible foreign policy, looks positively pragmatic. It will certainly be easier to defend among the grassroots of American voters already predisposed to Jimmy Carter—who lead Ford by 30 points in the most recent Gallup poll—and to the Democrats—who start with the sympathies of 68% of the electorate, compared to 22% for the Republicans. On paper, all that needs to be factored in to check a few points, build a few more votes, and make the "Army" of protesters march and pack the highways. But elections aren't won on paper. They are won in trench warfare, and the Democrats still have some problems in the trenches.

First, there is the problem of apathy. Carter's lead in the polls may promote complacency, that is why the candidate keeps pointing out to press and viewers that he is behind in the campaign goes on, and why Republicans have such a terrible message for Jerry Brown. The man, they say, was another unelectable President who came from behind—about what state decency and truthfulness allows him to hold an argument on a crowded and longer. Truman was never as far behind. Thomas Dewey as Ford has been behind Carter in the polls, and the Republicans weren't calling Harry Acheson such trash in 1948, but the underlying image may help Ford and hurt Carter. Two out of three are engineered voters. According to the survey,

The day they turned the Zulus loose

But since they were crushed by European armies in the 19th century, had the fierce south of the legendary Zulu people of South Africa been driven to misery and death by the white-minority government? In 1976, when white leaders forced a three-day strike last year, many blacks joined the apertu of politicians of the South African government, the reaction of several thousands of whites in townships and cities was to burn down houses and to kill. In Johannesburg, white and black rioters in an apparent blacklash against the work boycott, Zulu mobs rampaged against Swazi armed with pangas (knives) and clubs, and in the townships of Natal, white mobs dashed riots and dogging picket lines. Police opened fire on the rioters numerous times and the death toll quickly soared to 20 before the fighting was brought under control. The South African police had encouraged the Zulus, a highly-tribal, individualistic tribe which makes up a large percentage of South Africa's population, to turn on their fellow Africans. The black-minority government, which has some 100 black members, is

There is also the fact that Carter's incoherence more antagonizes about twenty than they are about Carter. During the New York convention, Democratic caucus meetings were marked by speakers shouting "We can live with this guy! We can live with him!" on varying notes of earnestness and hysteria. After all the Georgian won his primary victories by directly attacking Congress—is Democratic control for the

oping. Several witnesses said police in unmarked cars sized by and did nothing while the Taxis rumbled.

The commissioner of police, Gary Parnell, and Police Minister Anne Kerr both deplored the allegations. Kerr said that the police would not investigate themselves for intimidation by judges. Parnell said the police would not investigate the honesty of the report or who wanted them to stay off their jobs. Who wrote the report was not the police's business. He said that the police would not investigate the possibility of a black cover-up because developing out of the anti-government riots and demonstrations that were being held in the city was not the police's business. He said that the police would not investigate the possibility of a black cover-up because developing out of the anti-government riots and demonstrations that were being held in the city was not the police's business. He said that the police would not investigate the possibility of a black cover-up because developing out of the anti-government riots and demonstrations that were being held in the city was not the police's business.

past few decades—bureaucracy, and many politicians. It was fun for the public but not for the bureaucrats, public planners and politicians who make up the bulk of party workers. "I'd work for the token," one New York communist man said, "as long as nobody expects me to like that shit-of-a-bunch."

Cartier's vagueness, so handy in the prime time news hour, may become liability. At both conventions, the most popular story making the rounds was about the time when Jimmy was a boy and his father found dead in the water. "I was with him," said the Plains editor. He confronted Jimmy, who replied, "I don't see it as his, father. Maybe I did it, and maybe I didn't." Cartier will have to become more specific to shake off that stigma, and that is why Field, and I, as a debater for such a dull-seeming man, issued his challenge in a series of 150 news items. "I don't know if I did it or not," they will have said. On effect of the news, Cartier's specific positions on a number of issues—abortion, housing, night-to-work laws—on which he has taken strong or contradictory positions. He is likely to appear as a man who doesn't differ all that much from the man he wants to replace, and that may turn off Democrats without impression.

While the Presidential candidates debate, their beliefs and images will also square off. Senator Robert Dole, Ford's vice-presidential choice, was a surprise to the party hierarchy because his protestant, conservative, Kansas background often is balance in the ticket. But he was chosen for knockout, not balance. Senator Barry Goldwater once said of Dole that "he's the best man around here in a long time who



Montana and Carter: why are these men teaching? Check the Gallup poll



Date and Ford who are three men teamed? The suits have been worn before

will grab the otherside by the hair and drag them down the hall." When a newspaper noted a few years back that "if you liked Richard Nixon, you'll love Bob Dole," the Kennedys were tickled pink, although he has dropped the inoffensive pro-Nixon stance that marked his speeches until the President was frog-marched out of the White House. He is an oily-lighter-Carter called him a "sage" rather — and will probably play a more effective role for the Republicans than the moderate, wily but unassuming Senator Walter Mondale will play for the Democrats.

This is already becoming a drag-along-down-the-hill election, with Carter referring to the "Nixon-Ford" administration, while the Republicans call down the faulty son of Representative Wayne Mats and Liz Ray, and the long-lashed (mis)nominee the Democratic Congress has to its credit. In a really dry contest, the Republicans may gain, if for no other reason than that such campaigns tend to turn voters off from politics entirely, increasing the advantage of incumbency.

Finally, there is the X-factor, the something that happens in every campaign that no one expects. The X-factor is more likely to act as an accident, who can do something, than a challenger, who can only complain that he would have done something else. In the Mayaguez affair, soon after he took office, Ford showed that he was capable of extracting political gold out of a foreign policy crisis, and in the more recent issue-praising incident in Korea he has shown he hasn't forgotten how to look big and tough and even, on occasion, Presidential.

Ford's backers have indicated their strategy will be, in effect, to win off the South and concentrate on California, the middle industrial states and the northeast. They will give liberals and moderates only a passing nod and aim for a coalition of fed-up independents and party-line conservatives. They are aiming at a stomach-butcheringly broad base. **WALTER WINSTON**

EUROPE

Sun, sun, go away!

In some parts of Britain, people were being urged to share a bath with a friend. Across southern England, bumper stickers were proudly displaying the slogan: 'THE DROUGHT I'M SAVING WATER.' French farmers had planned their wheat sowing water around to wet a cow's tongue or wash the flax off a pig's back. With northern Europe weathering through one of its worst droughts in modern history, economists and statisticians

others are grimly adding up the financial losses from withered crops, livestock slaughtered prematurely or forests suddenly rotted by raging fires. In France, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing declared the drought a "national calamity," while in Britain key cabinet ministers interrupted summer vacations for emergency meetings in London on the crisis.



Cycling down the Thames, even this will appear to be nothing a bit more

Some effects of the water shortage: Industries in southeast Wales were told their water supplies would be cut 50% from September 1 and, in the same region, roughly a million people went without running water 17 hours a day. Some firms faced reductions in their work schedules to

[illegible]

As crops also withered in Italy, West Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, British experts speculated that the drought, which has so far so light, was a result of persistent changes in Atlantic weather patterns. They said the edge of the polar vortex has receded after several mild winters moving rain-laden low-pressure centres northward so that they miss much of Europe.

rope and put over Iceland and the Scandinavia countries.

In Peter Bruce Jeffries, an economist with the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development, and the drought will have only a minimal effect on world food supplies generally. "It has solved a real threat of hardship in wheat"—but may well shave up the world price of meat. Submerged fields do not produce feed for cattle, and as shortages pushed up prices, farmers were shoring things like wheat in at 30% higher rates than normal. That should hold other prices steady. But then, says Jeffries, wheat decreased and corn increased. The feed prices went from mid-1976 and mid-1977 "tumble prices will be at least 20% above current levels."

Everyday manifestations from the drought were, perhaps most evident in Britain where the governmental rationalization of agriculture had been going long. In the United States, however, the drought was a direct consequence of conservation power. On the holiday land of Jersey, plants were removed from hotel balconies and lawns. Public libraries in the headwaters of the River Sever in England, the London, the Guardian reported that all watering of Buckingham Palace's private gardens was stopped, and in most areas of Britain it was illegal to water family gardens. In response, some devoted gardeners in the United States began operations, working at will with water hoses in the dead of night. In some cases, neighbors turned against neighbors as those with frost-free hoses and sheltered vegetables instead for the inflexible rigidity of the municipalities' rationing policies. In some, gardeners started compassionately giving. Meanwhile, one of the more poignant manifestations of the drought appeared in a front page photo in The Times. It showed two young children, a boy and a girl, both barefoot and bareheaded, standing in a

People

Shaw to be the game, between the Shaw and Shakespearean feminisms had to be cracked. Had they chosen baseball, somehow would certainly have had an opportunity to say, "So first and final a day I have not seen. But cricket it was—! Astonishing, absolutely frightful!" cricket, in the imagination of Shaw almost denotes *Poona*. *Wit* Whitehead: There is no record of my Shakespearean crying "Hold Enough!" though considering the final score—157 for Shaw, 57 for The Bard—it may have been uttered. Despite the presence of two Harlots, *Michigan Perennial* and *Richard Meredith*, and the cheerleading of *Maggie Smith* and *Jessica Lundy*, and the



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Arrogant, the Stanford squad was awfully outclassed by the Niagara-on-the-Lake. But when a *Stalenosaurus* is broken, shall he not roar? **Michael Bull**, the Shaw Festival's Admittance Christian, was tossed into the river, and emerged with the decidedly melodic comment: "Oh dear, all this rain!"

In the late 1960s or so, urban Canadians may have become accustomed to having movie stars walking among them, although not in the more remote areas such as British Columbia's Cariboo country. Vying with the latest gold rush (see page 22) is the topic of *Cariboooman* over the past few months has been the anticipated arrival of **Stephen Lauros** to do a film called *Arctic Cariboo*—in short, the original Cariboo. The Cariboo is a region of the province that is the well-known coast plain. It is Lauros's first film in Canada, in fact his first theatrical film anywhere for some time, and the way he is living and breathing in the Cariboo country for eight white weeks. But the project was never first



Leaves: They dream that didn't come true

man, then a death of boy (which is only made when the sun shines, and which apparently was vital to the plot) and then Loren herself falls suddenly ill. She's not there and she's not coming, and the other two women of Cariboo country are left with only their acid to talk about.

In the past few weeks the Obama nomination battle **Jon Clark's** latest "problem," says **Clark Schumacher**, being brought to an imminent re-challenge by leaders for the right to run in Bow River. Schumacher, according to groups, would have run for the promise of a judicial appointment if the Tories won the next election. Not so, says Schumacher, and Clark's office confirms. So Clark is still left with Schumacher's standing between him and the Bow River nomination. Both their home towns—High River for Clark, Drumheller for Schumacher—are in the riding, which was created by redistricting, and both have had their old ridings—Rocky Mountain for Clark, Palliser for Schumacher—re-buffed out. Even when good politicians



Belastingen en: quarter giva

follow Alberta's Jack Horner, a friend linked to away Schumacher, who says "I've gotten in challenging my class, game we'll just have to have a no hesitation, I think I would win." Clark

who could also run in Calgary West, desperately wants to be known as The Man From High River, which would parallel Jimmy Carter's The Man From Plains. Besides, it has a certain resonance that's looking in The Man From Calgary West.

It's fairly common knowledge that **Neil Young** is having serious problems. There was an operation last year, and this summer he had to cut short a three-month reunion tour with **Stephen Stills**, returning to his home in California and something all appears under doctor's orders. It's a well-known fact that Stills, whose association with Young goes back to the old Buffalo Springfield days, as through Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, has a hearing problem. "A terrible problem," he says. "If I keep playing and touring the way I have been, I'll go deaf."

If the first vote at the Republican Convention went to **Elizabeth Ray**, former non-typing Washington secretary, the second



Play all the moves that's fit to make

highly intelligent to **John Dean**, Ray, "serving" the conversion for *Granta* magazine (the same journal) in doing a mid-1960s take-out issue on "Washington correspondence" (in its November issue) was regularly surrounded by fellow journalists, asking questions like "Mr. Ray, but your experience with **Wayne Hays** instead put against the Democrats?" (By revealing his earlier work with Hays, the destroyed the possibility of any further courtship, he said "I was again" Dean, whose revelations about the Nixon White House supplied it, was done for *Rolling Stone*, scribbling away furiously as Senator **Howard Baker** devoted part of his keynote speech to "the lessons of Watergate.")

Sports

The greatest show (and guy) on ice

He had been waiting at ice level for an hour or more, as patiently as it is possible for small boys to wait. Finally, the practice over, Team Canada filed off the ice toward the dressing room and the boy made his approach. "Can I have your hockey stick?" he said to Dave Burnard. The Pittsburgh Penguin defenseman looked at him and said, "I'm sorry. It's a new stick. Maybe when it gets banged up a bit." Behind Burnard was Bobby Hull. "Can I have your hockey stick?" the boy repeated, distressed. "The sticks are brand new," snapped Hull, his voice sounding like lead piping on velvet. "But I'll go into the dressing room and see if we have any old ones lying around." Minutes later, Hull wrapped—stick in hand.

The anecdote is vintage Hull: promise given, promise kept. After 19 years in professional hockey, 15 with the National Hockey League's Chicago Black Hawks and five with the World Hockey Association's Winnipeg Jets, Robert Marvin Hull is still the game's first ambassador, a 16-hour-a-day advertising campaign for the sport.

This month, Hull's whitened face is

even more famous than usual, as he leads 25 of the game's best players into what has been billed as the last hockey tournament over the Canada Cup Officially, of course, the Canada Cup is nothing more than a six-nation hockey series, a stand-in followed by a host of (these guys feel unofficially, it represents a world championship of hockey, the professionals of North America against the professionals of Europe, the ultimate test of supremacy on ice. After two previous Super-Canada matchups and last year's eight-game series, Kautz exhibition series, the Canada Cup is an idea whose time has come. "The whole thing is too logical and sound," says one Canadian Team Canada official, "but it can survive even the skepticism of R. Allen Eagleson," who organized and now chairs the event.

The most eloquent confirmation of just what a stroke was Team Canada's 21-day winter camp in Montreal, a rigorous three-hour-a-day regimen of land exercise and on-ice practice. To build endurance and leg strength, the players ran three miles every morning up the inclines of Mount Royal. "It was," says Marcel

Dionne, "surely the toughest training camp I've ever attended. We didn't make a day off for eight days, and nobody let up. You just had to keep pushing because if you didn't push yourself behind—and instead on making the team" (Of the 35 players who turned up a camp, only 25 were selected to play.) Said Al MacNeil, one of four Team Canada coaches: "We knew we had all kinds of talent here, but unless you have conditioning you have nothing in there where we concentrated our effort. We had 31 guys out there looking like rocks."

Probably, perhaps, no one heartier than Bobby Hull. Whether it was in post-scramage wind sprints or circuit training on Mount Royal, Hull was the poster boy for the occasion, he stayed at the push-up station to help some Montreal youngsters learn the proper technique. "If you want to be a professional hockey player," he told them, a wounding a partisan and to either the wet or the win, "you've got to learn to do these things right." In fact, Hull's inherent approach to the fitness program hardly backfired. "When I push too hard too suddenly, the muscles in my back go into spasm," he said, although

the muscular strain kept him off the ice only one day.

But if Hull was out on foot, his teammates were in the behind—lately because of personal training routines began even before the opening of camp. Wayne Steve Shutt, whose ability to accelerate rapidly is the stuff of sports attention to his enemies, had been running three miles and playing 27 holes of golf every other day. Coachesman Dionne logged five miles a day and played poolball. And defenseman Bobby Orr spent a week working out of his Orleans, Ontario, camp before setting foot in Montreal. "You know, I wasn't just the quality of his knees that kept him away from that," said Team Canada coach Scott Bowman. "I think he knew the guys here were working hard and Bobby Orr was about to embarrass himself or his teammates by coming in here anything less than top notch condition."

Everywhere, the stories seemed scripted by the same writer. The players had arrived in high spirits, willing to work hard, regardless of the stakes. "There's very few excuses left anymore," noted goalie Ken Dryden, whose own knee injury (from ligaments) kept him out of the series. "Before we could say we were unprepared, or we weren't in shape or we weren't sending our best players against their best players. We

Hull just used right, landing on and off the ice. Clarke (bottom) is a red-hot playoff power, fighting Team USA player Mike Milbury—they were both ejected. And finally the reliable firm of Rappe and Orr

can't say that anymore. It's reached the stage where what you see on the ice is all you're going to get."

Even the Canada Cup schedule favored Team Canada—the Canadians opening the series against the weaker Finland and Americans before taking on the stronger Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Soviets. And while the winning teams were competing between Philadelphia and Quebec and Winnipeg, the Canadians were playing all three games in the hospitable surroundings of the Montreal Forum. Maple Leaf Gardens and Ottawa's Civic Centre. In short, if the edition of Team Canada could not beat the Soviets, Swedes or at, then presumably no Team Canada could—a conspiracy free Canadian hockey fans were anxious to entertain or willing to believe.

Certainly Team Canada 1976 continues to match their offensive power in any hockey club ever assembled, no less than 30-30-30 (or more) scores last year, and another line with more than 40—including New York Ranger Phil Esposito, who finished his career season in time with 25 goals. "I was very depressed," the grizzled Esposito admits. "At one point, I even considered quitting altogether. Then I looked at myself in the mirror one morning and said, 'Wake up, you fool. Where else are you going to make this much money?'" The self-convicted answer to that question had produced a nervous Esposito, a concentration of the player that won the NHL scoring title four consecutive years (1970-74).

Among those joining Esposito were

Philadelphia Flyers Reggie Leach, owner of the hardest shot in hockey, Gilbert Perreault, the game's shiftest puck bender, Bobby Clarke, undeniably the world's or the moment stick in the NHL. (Steps are Team Canada all-star. "Clarke's so vicious that he'll even scare you in practice. He doesn't intend to injure or maim. He just wants to hurt you. He has to do it to get the puck.") And the Golden Era, Bobby Hull, at 31 still a marvel of mechanics. The five-foot-10-inch, 195-pound frame that physiologists once called the "perfect mechanism" still supports the most muscular body in the game, with biceps bigger than Muhammad Ali's. A former ice hockey fanatic trying to bump him off the puck. "You literally bounce right off him. His power was absolutely new." His four years no less than a map of Montreal and the golden curls have been replaced by a bush of scraggly orange, but Hull's strength seems undiminished. "He actually told me he used to shoot the puck twice as hard as he does now," says New York Islander goalie Glen Resek. "Hell, if that's half-enough, I'd hate to have faced him five or 10 years ago. That's just devastating." Last year, in leading the Jets to their first World Hockey Association championship, Hull collected 55 goals and 51 assists, ample evidence that his skills have scarcely declined. Says Bobby Kromer, who coaches Hull in Winnipeg and is also part of Team Canada's coaching quartet: "Hull is a very determined guy. He likes to see that red light go on." Hull's achievement off the ice are so



"adding—only for their numbers." "Nobody of here has gone out of his way as much or as more precise than Bobby Hull," says Ken Dryden. A career diplomat of the sport, Hull prides the virtues of hockey to pursue readily, anyone from come to come, turn up at shopping plaza and into a dealer's shop for adult-selling campaign, goes for pictures with other men's golf friends, then positive points over the boards to snowboard-jumping spectators, goes interviews to any reporter who asks "Other guys call you to tell you why they can't make it," says a Toronto ad executive who worked with Hull on a sports equipment account. "Bobby just shows up on time." At training camp, a French-language radio reporter requested a short interview. Hull loudly denounced "My French isn't good enough." He apologized, flapping the famous dimpled smile. "Besides, there's lots of guys here who speak French." "Ah, yes," countered the reporter, "but there's only one Bobby Hull." Hull later gave the interview and the reporter learned his French "flawless."

With Hull and Co. up front, the Canadians are not expected to have much difficulty scoring goals, but their strength behind the net is not as easy to count on. Without Dryden and Philadelphia Flyer goalie Bernie Parent (who sat with an injury), Team Canada's three goalies represent the second rank: all gifted, but not brilliant. Gerry Cheevers, who started in the 1974 series with the Russians, is the most understated of the trio. "Cheever's a calculated gambler," says Glen Resch. "The old school says the goalie should never make the first move on a shooter. Well, Gerry will sometimes defy that. He'll come out and make the first move and maybe face you to make your own move no more or throw off your timing. He'll do whatever he has to do to stop the puck, regardless of what it looks like." "Vachon, an old-time seven-inches the shortest of the group, is also the quickest. He's just a good, solid fundamental goalkeeper," says Resch, who deliberately patterned his

own style after Vachon. "He's so smart, smart, and that's the whole secret of you could goaltending."

Team Canada may also encounter some problems moving the puck out of their own zone. It hasn't been much against the Americans, a team that seemed determined to lose every goal in the tournament, the Canadians occasionally fumbled defensively, freezing the puck against the boards to relieve the U.S. pressure. Explains Dryden, "The marker what shape you're in you're not as an good shape as you will be later in the year. When you're conditioning isn't just so, the first thing that goes is defensive play. Defensive play is grinding. It's work. Also, getting out of your own zone during saving and position. To move out smoothly and clearly, a defenseman must know instinctively just where along the boards his form and will be positioned. I don't think Team Canada has quite reached that state yet."

But when the Canadians are severely pressed, they will undoubtedly turn to Bobby Orr, arguably the best hockey player in history. Orr's celebrated left knee, five times under the surgeon's scalpel, is—temporarily—sound and some the most for two exhibition games in which he killed penalties, played the power play and a regular shift, scored one goal and added four assists. In his first serious scrimmage in nine months, he moved so fast as the Orr of old, but with less a hindrance, carefully picking his spots. His agility on skates—the ability to light off defenders with one hand and backhandle with the other—is still amazing and his sense of anticipation—of where to put the puck and when—still unrivaled. Beyond his unique skills, Orr is the one player who can change and control the tempo of a hockey game.

On paper, then, Team Canada seemed nearly unbeatable, but they would face stiff competition from the Soviet Union, Sweden and Czechoslovakia. The Soviets have begun a new era in their national team players. Players that had become so familiar to Canadians as Hull and Orr—Vachon's

the range, Wagner, Peres, the playmaking center, Mikolaj, the wily veteran, did not appear—nor Valery Kharlamov, who broke both ankles in a recent car accident. In their stead, the Russians sent a crop of younger, more aggressive players. "It's not a wholesale replacement," says Tom Watt, the University of Toronto hockey coach who named the Soviet last month in Sweden. "They're still bringing Trotski on goal, they're still got Gusev and Vasyurin on defense. They're still got Mikov and Kapustin and he looks up front. It's not 30 new faces." Nevertheless, the new faces were expected to make a big impression, especially those looking to replace Vladimir Litvinov, a Latvian winger described by Watt as "very good with the puck and very smelly," and Boris Alexandrov, who played briefly with the Central Red Army squad during the 1975 exhibition series.

Team Canada officials were also expecting strong performances from the Swedes, bolstered by the addition of four new, and six new players, including Bjorn Salming of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Winnipeg Jets, Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg. The Swedes have some outstanding players," says Watt. "The goal isn't they have enough. (Continued) Very good, but not as good as the Soviets. In the second exhibition game, the score was 2-3 in two periods. In the third period, Sweden collapsed and Russia won 6-2."

Team Canada's last known and perhaps most powerful opponent was considered to be Czechoslovakia, near winners of the 1976 Olympic gold medal. Ahead 2-1 with seven minutes remaining at first break, the Canos took a lead penalty, surrendered a goal and eventually lost 3-2 to the Soviet Union. The next month, that same Czech team, including defencemen Frantisek Pospisil and forwards Jiri Hlavik and Jiri Holik, captured the world championship.

Little hope, however, is held for Team Finland or Team U.S.A. The Americans are playing with not crippling handings—mortal talent. "We anticipate that we're not going to have the puck on a wild lot," says U.S. team coach Bob Felling. "We just hope we can go out and keep it close and get a break or two." The Finns are likewise given no chance of winning, but could play spoiler, having beaten every country at least once in previous international play.

"Objectively," says Tom Watt, "I think Team Canada has the talent to win. But sometimes you find a kid with a high aptitude do very well in math. Performance and talent are always two different things." But all that was theory. As Team Canada settled down to the business at hand, Canadian hockey fans were hoping Bobby Hull—competing in what could be his last international tournament—would repeat his performance of the 1974 series, when, as Soviet coach Boris Kulagin duly noted after each game, "Mr. Hull, he got his head goal."

MICHAEL FORSTER

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4 years

6 years

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10 years

12 years

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Cheevers blocking in the 1974 series with the Soviets: no form, lots of content

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Will the government turn Stelco's act of faith into one of contrition?

Business column by Peter Brimelow

"This next six months will be decisive," says John Allan, president of the Steel Company of Canada. He expects whipsawing on the planning Ontario might do as he leads investors the way new plant in his company is building at Nanaimo, a 40-mile run down the shoreline on Lake Erie. Stelco is already committed to the massive capital spending involved, but its executives are deeply affected by the crisis of faith that has developed through Canadian business about the future and the government's intentions. Canada's corporate leaders have spent a lot of time and money in Ontario recently, in an unsuccessful effort to communicate with the government. Rumors are about.

After a day, kindly looking men who have to be protected by his men from seeing the outside of the steel tent in the chandelier when entering a visiting journalist around the 4,000-sq-ft Nanaimo site. When he pointed out, surprisingly, several racialized black outside, the alien workers only to come out grumpy with the garden and cold pipes, a small person dwarfed by the half-built structure looking like a muffled iceberg in the distance. Stelco's Allan is primarily responsible for a dramatic bid by Canada's largest steelmaker to transcend the limitations of an cramped home works. The first phase, to be finished by 1991, will cost \$1.2 billion (Stelco's 1989 sales were \$1.1 billion, and \$1.75 billion). By 1991 the company will have more than doubled its steel-making capacity. Company spokesmen will proudly of the company and woods with which the steel is made, the steel is produced outside which are adding 10% to costs. A more traditional construction cost can be interpreted by the fact that Nanaimo is one of the largest steel mills in the world, the first of its kind in North America for years.

Stelco's story is a mixture of exultant spending in this country. Nanaimo is ultimately an act of faith by management in the future and in its own skills. Despite elaborate planning, however, the company with the knowledge that the future is still capable of destroying them. This is why what now seems all so "business confidence" is so uncertain in ensuring that commitment and growth comes. It doesn't take much to get the climate of hope. The creation of the Automobile Board was only the first step in a series of government moves to alter the rules of the economic game, and when the piece in the act's wings before the concerned parties—each happened to



Stelco planters in an expansive mood

Stelco recently—the future even seem all the more golden. For the project's first phase is starting Stelco's financial resources to the limit. Allan says the company can no longer think of diversifying abroad or into other industries. Bob Wong, who advises Toronto stockbroker May, Mikulic & Co. (a Toronto investment company) has projected that rate of Stelco goes much deeper into debt than in the past it could (in fact to make the necessary cash by \$100 million). Companies then this sort of risk all the time, and Wong believes that with its imagination and good luck Stelco will solve the problem. But Nanaimo remains a proper reminder of the perils through which any act of capital project must pass.

In fact, the uncertainties facing Stelco seem to be daunting, even without the threat of further government intervention and regulation of profits and prices. The steel market has gone from sluggish to glut in three years. While some experts predict a worldwide steel famine by 1990, others argue that Stelco's expansion cannot be economic without the secure demand that would be created if Ottawa made up its mind about the Auto Gas pipeline project, or even the Canadian business

community projects with the steel party in the hope of a \$1.2 billion. This combination of reflection and blind faith accounting has been making sense to investors, a debatable concept. It also made Stelco's one offer in 1979, when one was projected at only \$400 million. (The company had delayed its original plan from 1970 because of poor assets and fear of Finance Minister Bennett's tax reforms.) Moreover, Nanaimo is being built on the technological frontier, with contributions from a variety of sources, including Ontario. There are predictions of inevitable rise-up troubles, lasting perhaps a year. Already, there have been a few demand for workers on the hot iron mill, which has certainly been shelved since the early 1980s, after having a shorted disposal amount of capital. It's not surprising one Stelco executive told The Financial Post recently that if the company was doing it all again, it wouldn't.

And yet other Stelco executives agree with that one of their number could have voiced such a thought. They take it as a slight on their high reputation to steelmaker Stelco's top management, under very strong chief executive, chairman Peter Gordon, are mainly engineers in their firms, who joined the company after war service and have been with it ever since. They have been working on Nanaimo for 14 years, and in the steel, children are noted personally. "Wingspread" they have spontaneously when confronted with the claim that Nanaimo will turn 1979-1980 earnings, making the Greenfield line (Charles Wang) who is identified with the (industrial) overextended payments on Bay Street. But with journalists, if not analysts, Allan can bluntly deny the problem. "This plant leads the world. It is one plant where Canadians don't have to take a back seat," he says. "You should wear that hat."

Canadian steelmakers were to make steel in Canada, a vision of national unity, and one which helped to keep the country moving. But they aren't blind and they have options. Although Nanaimo is now underway, it could be slowed down, offering relief to shareholders and dispersing the dream of a new wave growing up around the plant, in its rebirth of Stelco's ambitious. But they aren't blind and they have options. Although Nanaimo is now underway, it could be slowed down, offering relief to shareholders and dispersing the dream of a new wave growing up around the plant, in its rebirth of Stelco's ambitious. But they aren't blind and they have options. Although Nanaimo is now underway, it could be slowed down, offering relief to shareholders and dispersing the dream of a new wave growing up around the plant, in its rebirth of Stelco's ambitious.

Education

Are Canadians getting their \$12 billion worth?

Everybody knows it's not an easy story: the high-school graduate who can't read anything more complicated than a weather map; the PhD with a \$30,000-plus education who is unemployed; the student who is not getting the most out of his education. But what is the story? Is it more than a few people in some elementary schools, the grade 10 student who has never learned the multiplication tables? Yet, everyone knows someone who is. In Canada's school system, or in teachers, or in government leaders. Crisis should, newspapers, magazines and broadcast media to thrive on the horror stories. Nothing about education has become a matter of local, national or international concern. Teachers' pay, their holidays, their salaries are common gripe. So are education costs and apparently declining standards. School districts, which is "discontent" almost daily by someone or other with the public's ear, has proposed widespread and radical school restructuring, aimed with experimental programs and get back to the three R's, or at least literacy will be able to read the word and not the change when he gets out into the real world. Not surprisingly, educationists who have devoted their careers to broadening school curricula and rethinking what they call the rigid system of the past, the so-called "bad old days" of rote learning and discipline, have often for the clock to be turned back, but the change picture, seems likely to grow louder, and has already found some changes.

While there is by no means unanimity on what is wrong with Canadian education—there are almost as many theories as there are parents, teachers and students—there is certainly a developing consensus that something is wrong, that the country is not getting its \$12-billion-a-year worth, that the six million young Canadians who enter or return to school face a number of disturbing a half-century journey as an over-education. Problems demonstrate degrees and diplomas in worthless pieces of paper. Employers complain that young persons entering the tight job market are woefully under-prepared. Nearly half of Canada's intermediate grade-levels offer freshmen students the world's highest mathematics education that the high schools simply haven't done the job. Students and teachers alike complain of frustration in the classroom, of insufficient guidance from above.

But is the system really breaking? Is it really the only nightmare to critics' despair? No, say the educationists who created it. "Our problem," says Ontario Education Minister Tom Wells, is little wonder. "To



The criticism of the pre-Sixties system was that it was too hard and too rigid

that we don't produce a perfect product." Parents and taxpayers look at the staggering cost of Canadian education and expect the system to deliver even more. But the Canadian education system is a massive expenditure on education, in terms of national wealth. Although spending has declined slightly in percentage terms—from 2.3% of Canada's gross national product in 1969-70 to an estimated 1.5% this year, to

the number of students has dropped and the nation has grown steadily richer—this system takes a back seat to no other in terms of its percentage toward education. Moreover, a higher percentage of the Canadian population has attended school than of any other country (according to 1970 United Nations figures, 90% of Canadian were enrolled full-time, compared with 30.6% of Americans, 23.5% of Russians, 19.5% of the French). The system has been profoundly impressed foreign experts, including a five-member delegation from the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) recently published an analysis report on education policy in Canada. The OECD experts referred to the development of our system as "an enormous organizational, administrative and staffing achievement" and wanted to talk about it as being "a second great Canadian pioneering achievement." But if Canada has done well quantitatively, there remains doubts about the quality of it. As the OECD report puts it: "The quality of education in Canada seems to have been a public nuisance precisely because of the high costs that have had to be paid to ensure quality of access. Teachers everywhere want assurance that what appears to them to be a comparatively generous level of school financing is yielding commensurate results."

Although a great deal of optimism persists, the educational policy discussion has changed fundamentally in the past few years. The reformers who called publicly about (and who spent money liberally for the past 20 years) now find that the word in Canada is a drastically less favorable decision.

Of course, attitudes toward education are changing. Those responsible for Canada's school systems—the politicians and the education planners—struggle to keep up with the public's expectations but are acutely aware of the predicament of expense. This year, the education is getting underway in a way to the right, while the school systems are still out there on the left. "The latest story of criticism," says Ontario's Tom Wells, "begins after parents started to switch back from the pessimism of the 1960s, when there was a breakdown of discipline in many homes. You could not see, drinking parties, all kinds of things. And there was an unrealistic belief of discipline in the schools. You know, 25 years ago if a

in collaboration with a wife who is a doctor at Yale. She founded the Patients' Advocacy League in 1989 to provide education and publicity and she invited other parents to join. She says she has been able to get the insurance companies and add to that several other elements are emerging across the country. People call the league they're worried about. She says she's been able to get the insurance companies to appear on radio and talk shows and television panels to spread her gospel. "Ah it's real. It really is. Kids are coming up with alarming statistics about their no coverage. They're saying, 'I don't know what they do when they die in school now? Well, one little girl I heard about was exsanguinated after the morning movie. It was her first day of school. She was in the hallway. And when the principal was asked if he'd seen her, he said, 'No.'"

And the worst of things, a parent often is being told, he replied that the teacher did have some heart. Now I ask you, parents and teachers, how can you have a heart if you have been shirked? They don't know how to work. They don't know how to do anything. We're so busy teaching them to be obedient, we're forgetting how to learn.

Pratt says, a member of the legislative union committee of the Greater Federation of Home and School Associations says the schools must get back to the basic learning skills and measuring progress in a meaningful way. The modern upgraded report cards are totally useless, he says. "Parents are told everything is okay and then a few weeks later when they find out their kids can't read very well, can't multiply two and two. Of course standards have come down. Once everyone got the idea that nobody should be a failure, as regarded in a failure, they went bound to come down."

Another significant area of change from the post-1980s to the ancient Vietnam Seventies has been the role reversal between students and teachers. When the Vietnam protest was at its peak, the students were the dominant group. Today, as the students appear to ever more slowly absorb teachers' hearts, teachers are the dominant group. This is reflected in that most of the education conflicts with the education system stems from public hostility toward militant teachers. Confrontation has replaced large pay demands. The very day of teachers on a picket line all come to be after long-held public perceptions about the people who train the nation's young. The long-suffering schoolmaster with the blue neck and the bent of his body is virtually an extinct species, and it is clear that many Canadian parents regret and even

Teachers, of course, are all too aware of their popularity gap, even if they are not apologetic for their collective inactivity. Teachers' associations across the country are budgeting hundreds of thousands of dollars this year for public relations campaigns that will seek to explain their concerns about standards, salaries and declining job opportunities in a volatile labor

system. Neil Davis, who just stepped down as head of the Ontario Federation of Education, says that teachers "believe in their own bad press and are a little depressed by it." Ontario's high-school teachers recently issued a report in which they dismissed the value of diplomacy and added that "teacher morale has sunk in an all-time low, with the disastrous effect that even teachers are now questioning their very purpose and role in the schools." As Davis sees it, the teachers' "know, parents are confused about roles



The criticism of the mid-Seventies system is that it isn't hard or rigid enough

changes in the system. Well, they are just going to have to inform parents of the reasons for the changes." He adds: "We've been lovely communicators, so doubt about it."

A frequent complaint from parents and businessmen alike is that schools are failing to prepare young people for the workaday world. Education and employment opportunities are inevitably related, and the rule generally is that the better the education the better the job. Certainly, the development of highly trained and well-educated workers who will contribute to the

general economic, social and political situation. All of the 11 federal governments are spending. Nevertheless, provincial education departments are loath to say so. Instead, most of them state the objectives of these systems in rather vague terms, to "provide a quality education, to reach a high level of literacy, to develop a culture, etc. But for most students (and parents) the bottom line on education now is more dollars tomorrow. A recent report by the federal manpower department paints a generally gloomy picture of job prospects for young people leaving school. The unemployment rate for 15- to 19-year-olds in 1982 was 21.7 per cent. In 1983 it was 22.7 per cent. In 1984 it was 23.7 per cent. Below that age of 15, it was 21.7 per cent greater than it was for those over 25. The report brands as inadequate "the help that young people get in school to prepare themselves for labor market entry." And it proposes no early solution to the jobs-future problem, although it calls for "a more comprehensive approach to the problem."

Some modern education theorists are not widely alarmed about the impingement of television. "The last thing in the dictionary of a Canadian is to get a job," says one. "The first thing is to get a television set." He is right. Dennis is a controversial figure in Canadian education who helped write the Hall-Dennis report for Ontario. He repeatedly complains that the system is too inflexible, too slow to react, and that unless it makes radical changes it is shipping by for society's kids. According to Dennis: "Surely the most expensive education system in the world is not doing very well for the vast majority of people. Kids. Dennis disagrees with those who say children are not learning to read or write as well as they once did. "We're teaching English today better than we ever did," he says. "The problem is that the people should understand that Canada is being moved away from print media. Fathers and mothers are no longer mad in the home. Television is replacing books for

Defenders of the new order insist that public concern over education has not signaled as well as manifested. Nevertheless, the clamor appears to be hurting some efforts. At DePaul's Tom Wellsington's "It was a good idea," the *Chicago Tribune* wrote, "Now that's being corrected. Spelling is being brought back. Not that we're trying to bring back the old system. The old system made it easy to appear that most kids could read and write better. That was because they threw out all the others." "At the same time," Wellsington added, "the decline over many levels and overall quality is having an effect on costs from Illinois' Columbus Professor J. L. Wozniak's chairman of the first-year English program at UIC: reports that students are trying "very hard indeed. There's been a marked improvement in the past year. Kids know their grammar, their spelling and punctuation themselves better. All the alarms are unnecessary proof of it."

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What every well-dr...



As advertised on TV, the robe is

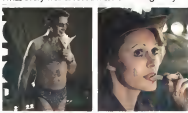
The model glared coolly over her shoulder and slid down his bare back as fast below his waist. The all-female dance troupe and applauding, mostly dressed-up spectators cheered on a cocky ringer. He's a funny guy, says the reversal of roles in the new TV commercial—part of a campaign by Jockey Intimates to help boost sales of the latest marketing phenomenon, fashion for men—was aimed at young women who traditionally have not shopped for men's underwear. The ad, which aired in 1995 to 15% of the networks' channels in 150 of 200 cities. So the astonishing dance-the-muscle-in-lingerie blue and paucity briefs were becoming the industry's newest and most female consumers: a new below-the-belt pop or perhaps a new kind of a nudie, such as to provide a new

It's an uncomfortable market term, but it's real: it's there. During the past 12 months, the higher-priced (up to \$100) undergarments have been showing up on one's radar mainly passively, "a steady increase curve." Neither of manufacturers are present to be quoted on what the increase in dollar figures but, with an average increase in sales each season on a basis, it's a medium-from-dollar rise. The old basic standard shape was used to be the only option and so it was sold in dollars, not in cents. Early in 1995, 95% of Canadian sales—mostly people or those who are confident about their lifestyle.

It's like a language, a better one.

Lifestyles

What every well-dressed man is wearing this year



As advertised on TV, the robe slides slowly down, revealing him in all his below-the-navel, paisley-print dockey glory.

The model glared cooly over his shoulder as the robe slid down his bare back and fell to just below his waist. The all-female audience cheered and applauded, and one jockily dressed spectator cheered frantically on a celery stick. It was a funny idea, certainly a reversal of chauvinism. But in his

the campaign by Jerry Menzies (a partner of a \$250,000-per-episode TV comedy by Jerry Menzies is his spring to bump up sales of the latest Canadian cartooning phenomenon, *Menzies*, a series of short films aimed at women. It's women who increasingly turn from Menzies on here rebuffed the earlier draw, and they make 70% to 15% of male underwear purchases in this country. So the young men are turning down the market and the retailers are turning down the men. Menzies is lowering the industry's overall focus on female consumers a pace below the number of print or polypropylene briefs—dual-panel underwear, to provide a new life to a relatively male while rebuffed the market. Menzies is lowering the industry's overall focus on female consumers a pace below the number of print or polypropylene briefs—dual-panel underwear, to provide a new life to a relatively male while rebuffed the market. Menzies is lowering the industry's overall focus on female consumers a pace below the number of print or polypropylene briefs—dual-panel underwear, to provide a new life to a relatively male while rebuffed the market.

increase in sales each season on a national basis, it is a medium-five-dollar business. The old basic standard shape wheel, which used to be the only option and sold for one or two dollars, now accounts for less than 50% of Canadian sales—mostly to older people or those who are confirmed in a snowmobile lifestyle.

"It's like creating a better mousetrap," says Sunbelt's marketing manager Jan

Brown, whose packaged product features a male model who isn't Simpson's saleslady blushing, agreed was "rather well-endowed." "Men's underwear is being sold like an aspirin jug," says Brown, "and it's become a bottomless pit. We can barely keep up with the demand."

[illegible]

"Sure there's a sexual connotation," says Regis St. Amant, Jockey's marketing manager. "When the gal going through the store decides her old man will look better in something other than the whites she's been wearing, she starts the whole cycle life may like it and ask her to buy more, or go out and buy more herself!"

While manufacturers and retailers glow in department stores and specialty shops

underwear boutiques around the country will arrive much in their late Barthes stage: their mountaintops self-consciously in the zone the laws of equine alchemy (a.k.a. Hygiene). Don't Open packages. It isn't an easy decision. Will it be an import like Pierre Cardin's Wild Horses ("Savage horses prize, Decanter [point]"), or Heim's *Translucent yellow mesh with modesty panel: Black and flesh only*, or Stanley Ely's *Brilliant Blue ("Just a step on your lips")*—or perhaps must this become be a Canadian phenomenon will it be *Scandal's* low-rise with the red and white male lead (see *devotee*)?

[illegible]

Show Business

Valdy crack corn, but he don't care./It's money in the bank

Canadian pop artists aren't often asked to perform behind the Iron Curtain, but last month a concert called Valdy took his old Marxist guitar and his craggy Gracious voice to Poland as Canadian representative to the somewhat international Song Festival at Sopron on the Gulf of Danube. In an unswayed symphony were rewarded by the Baltic forest, Valdy sang to packed audiences ripe with his songs of harmony, honesty and the simple life. There were only 47 participants in the festival (his honor shared in the past by such singers as Marquee Leysse and Robert Charlebois), which is the latest milestone in a career that in only four years has made Valdy one of Canada's most distinctive and successful musicians.

Since 1973 he has recorded four albums and sold more than 150,000 of them in Canada, making him second only to Gordon Lightfoot in record sales for a Canadian folk singer. He's had several hit singles (including *Simple Life*, *Rock in the Snow*), won numerous awards, toured the country more times, and has a CMC TV special on tap for early 1977. Last spring he played to 80,000 people in 20 cities, selling out nearly every concert—from the 2,700-

seat Massey Hall in Toronto to 750-seat high school gyms. The tour grossed more than \$150,000. All this has made him unquestionably the most public performer in Canada today, also—where the *London Lightfoot* inspires no more than one—the most loved.

Valdy's songs nurture the rustic fantasies of his young, idealistic audience. The audiences return the favor by buying Valdy's records and making regular pilgrimages, from offices and classrooms, to his concerts. Eager to pay for samples of Nature's way to sit in nature by a lonely-haired homestead with a beguiling note, they gather together to praise fresh air, pass the wistful and dream country dreams. This back-to-the-land idyll is very serious. Valdy very well, it seems hard to say, he once wrote, on the outside being love. He counts later on absolutely leaving the commercial banding to manager Cliff Jones, and keeps his own hands clean—figuratively—by trading his five-year *Home Outside* book on the west coast of Vancouver Island with his lady, Lindsay, and three-year-old daughter, Chelsa. There he lends chickens, raises goats, and grows mushrooms.

For the same he's given his old pickup truck. Artful Doolittle is an early admirer for Valdy himself. A man who stands rural virtues when he's middle-class only born and bred, and who profits from the man-making machinery he takes pains to disdain, makes a fine target for skepticism. Confronted with the contradictions, Valdy offers a broad, ungracious smile and says people should be more concerned with the music than the image. Those who aren't have called him oversteering from a prophet to a fraud. As he sings on his latest album, *Valdy And The Howland Road*, "We part 'n' so I cannot believe the stories that I hear and make about the man that wears my face and name." All insurance. But there's about Valdy a certain irony, more so that suggests these very stories could well be his own design.

In person, he fairly glows with wholesome charm and sincerity, qualities that are suggested on stage. "Valdy's more a country-dish, a wagon, or a wagon wheel," says manager Jones. Valdy was born Vancouver Island 30 years ago to a prosperous Ottawa family conservative enough to fatten his one of four sons in a shelter, and even now a touchy about his non-dignified manner. In 15 years of piano-picking he dived through jazz, rock and country-western bands before settling on folk. And he'd never worked any land until early 1976, when members of a middle-class family moved from Newfoundland's Woody Island, where he'd lived less than a year.

Valdy is a playful master at combining as well as covering experiences. He seeks out as many of his own head as in sleeping bags, includes a large and busy dog called Moose in his stage personnel and takes herbal tea during his recording sessions. But after showing his antichristal (a figurehead) behind the camera he took delight in bewildering crowds with his changed appearance. And with his new album he's caught his fan of guard by adding some jazz and rock to his usual folk style.

Valdy says he's content with Canadian recognition. But *Valdy And The Howland Road* was released in the United States in July (initial computer is said to be "live"), and a follow-up tour is planned there for the fall. The record jacket depicts a trailer truck superimposed on a topographical drawing of the west coast. The caption reads "Following Delancey with Note of Peace"—Valdy's mischievous understatement. The message sounds antichristal: the truck is headed north. **JOAN REED**



Valdy you can take his way out of the city, but not the city out of the way

The Chatelaine Cookbook

by Elaine Collett



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A little traveling music please...a nice dirge would be appropriate

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It was the two strong lips and broad shoulders that brought me to my attention. Twenty years ago I was sitting alone in Europe, jumping the wire to write to a man in a meadow, and I had just watched him from Sweden in the snow. As a Canadian, raised in the story-book image of quiet Europeans who differed in wooden shoe (clogs), I was struck by one extraordinary fact: this 19-year-old female in Europe looked and dressed alike to the era of Brigitte Bardot and somehow, by common, every crenel on the continent walked the streets with pointed, half-open lips, back-combed hair and a V-neckline. The ability of an instant fashion trend to leap oceans and cross seas where women face to face had fascinated me ever since.

It was a little easier again in the Minsk Oblast, where the once cosmopolitan atmosphere of the athletic village was blurred by a sea of blue jeans. At last the world had a united cause—the ability of the urban uniform of jumpers to disguise problems on all five continents. In this thapelite circle of conformity, it was almost impossible to distinguish a Bulgarian weightlifter from a Romanian lady gymnast. The horizon filled with blue jeans in Minsk, where the celebrated Fokina, the first Lady of Travelling, announced that the more the women began to look the same, the more it disagreed. The only thing travel broadened was the clothing budget. You can now find young men walking Gorki Street in Moscow who look like the Fonz right out of *Happy Days* here!

The standard theory we were raised on, of course, was that this increased tension would spread understanding. Once we got to know one another peace and goodwill would flourish like rainbows. The global village would burn into order. The result, in fact, has happened. The English like the French any more than they did when they started flailing sword-wielding saboteurs at each other on the Franco-Spanish war to package lawn on the Costa Brava in Spain where they demand, and get, English breakfasts and warm beer. Canadian-US relations aren't any better now that 30 million Americans visit Canada each year. In fact they are worse. Ask Mel Hurv. Familiarity does breed contempt.

The leaders of the nations of Black Africa, many transited than our borders, has now decided to put little New Zealand into an international deep freeze. It is naturally, an artifice play picked up from the Arab world vendetta against Israel. It's interesting to read in William Stevenson's *Governments at Work* on the Israeli invasion that



sion in Uganda, 40 Minutes *de Zaire*: the transcript of the ensuing United Nations debate. The infamous Uganda rhetoric on Israel and Zionism is a replica of the Arab speeches that fueled the Habesha Conference in Vancouver (non-on-Israel) exercise. It's a simple fact that large banks of the globe are living themselves off one huge camp, increased moral statistics notwithstanding.

[illegible]

It's the greed of the Indonesian government in Jakarta, seeking ever more tourist dollars.

This is being written from Maui, one of the islands in the Hawaiian chain. I have been coming to Hawaii for 15 years (one of the natives in the front) and have watched the transition of the islands and its growing—and understandable—assertment of the Hawaiians. There is no way density and

[illegible]

**It's kind of
stand out.**

Which is what Carrington Can more good reasons than men Carrington is distilled in small mellowed in seasoned oak can smooth in taste Carrington, in opinion, like no other whisky

A whisky of outstanding



It's kind of nice to stand out.

Which is what Carrington Canadian does. But for many more good reasons than merely the look of the bottle. Carrington is distilled in small batches, aged and mellowed in seasoned oak casks, it's light in look and smooth in taste. Carrington, it's special, and, in our opinion, like no other whisky in the world.

A whisky of outstanding quality.





The Jungle Jim.

(You'll go bananas for this one.)

Every youngster knows how beautifully bananas go with milk or cream. For most grownups, however, it's just a fond memory. But is there any reason why that glorious, gold-white taste of yesteryear should remain a mere memory?

Searching for the answer to that weighty question, we came upon a drink called The Jungle Jim, which we heartily recommend to friends of Smirnoff, with just one admonition.

Because The Jungle Jim will conjure up pleasant memories of bananas in cream, it may make you forget that you're putting away two ounces of liquor. Don't forget.

SMIRNOFF



To make The Jungle Jim, pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. banana liqueur and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir. And reminisce.

Smirnoff

It leaves you breathless

